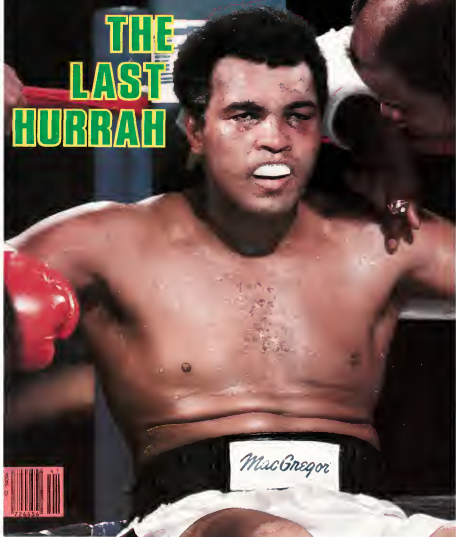


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 13, 1989 \$3.50

THE LAST HURRAH





ARIES



Dodge Aries-K is the first automobile to deliver both 6-passenger room and gas mileage ratings of [25] EPA est. mpg./41 est. Hwy.* A combination that no other car can match. How did Chrysler do it? With advanced front-wheel-drive technology. Solidly based on over 11 billion estimated miles of owner experience with Chrysler Corporation's highly successful small cars,

including Dodge Omni, Dodge 024 and Colt. More small-car front-wheel-drive experience in America than Datsun, Toyota,

GM or Ford. With all that experience, Chrysler engineers designed Aries-K as a total system—a *Direct Power System* of front-wheel-drive that puts the weight of the engine

11284963742X

and transaxle directly over the front driving wheels. This gives you excellent traction in rain and snow. The car is *pulled* through turns, rather than pushed. So you get sure control and maneuverability. And with the engine, transaxle and entire power-train in front of the passenger compartment, Aries-K offers mid-size room—6-passenger room—in a neat, efficient package. The heart of Aries *Direct Power System* is a remarkable new engine, designed especially for front-wheel-drive, the new Chrysler 2.2 liter Trans-4.

America's only front-wheel-drive

**The Aries-K
Direct Power System:
All the driving
machinery is
combined in a single
unit up front; power flows
directly from engine
to drive wheels.**

Aries-K makes efficient use of energy. It changes the round-about way rear-wheel drive cars have converted energy. And sheds extra weight that can cut into mileage.

The power of the Trans-4 engine goes directly from the crankshaft to a single unit that combines transmission and front axle. This transaxle turns the front wheels of the car. That's all there is to it.

Rear-drive cars transmit engine power thru drive shaft & rear-axle differential.

In Dodge Aries-K Trans-4 engine power flows directly to the front drive wheels.



**Trans-4: the
engine with
an electronic
control
computer.**

The Trans-4 is an engine with an electronic control computer, a sophisticated feed-back system.

Chrysler's exclusive Electronic Fuel Control System includes electronic ignition, electronic control of spark timing and an electronic feedback carburetor.

Seven sensors located throughout the engine monitor functions and feed data to an on-board computer which continuously adjusts the timing and air/fuel mixture for efficient performance.



*Use est. mpg. for comparison.
Your mileage may vary depending on
speed, weather and trip lengths. A. just
highway mileage will probably be less. Call and lower.
Buy or lease at your Dodge dealer.

High mileage. And room for 6.

There are other cars on the road today that have mileage ratings as high as Aries-K. But none of them have the 6-passenger room Aries-K delivers. The reason: Chrysler front-wheel-drive.

Keeping the drive-train completely forward of the passenger compartment has a number of benefits. Without a huge transmission hump, Aries-K has plenty of front leg-room. And without the clumsy drive-shaft hump that runs the length of rear-drive cars, middle seat passengers in

Aries-K don't have to sit with their knees tucked up under their chins.

Because the drive-train is out of the way, the entire passenger compartment is



6-passengers

is designed for lots of head room,

shoulder room and hip room. And without a transmission,

drive shaft and rear-axle differential churning away underneath, you'll enjoy a smooth, quiet ride.

In recent years, Americans have turned to small cars from Japan and Germany for the fuel-efficiency they needed.

But they often had to sacrifice the room, ride and comfort they wanted. Now with Aries-K pulling for you, America's not going to be pushed around anymore.

e 6-passenger car rated 25 41.

EPA EST. MPG CITY/HIGHWAY

"Service-Engineered" Aries-K. Simple to service. Designed inexpensive to maintain.

Look under the hood of Aries-K. Many components requiring scheduled maintenance are right up front. Spark plugs, distributor, oil filter and dipstick and transaxle fluid dipstick

have been placed in easy-to-reach locations. The Trans-4 engine was designed for Aries-K. And a Serviceability Committee was part of the design team. Easy servicing is built right into Aries-K.

In some other front-wheel-drive cars, so-called "transverse"

engines are actually old front-to-back designs. They've just been turned sideways. And this can make components hard to get at, requiring extra time, effort and cost to service.

Aries-K performs automatically many service functions other cars still require. The clutch linkage is self-adjusting; so are the hydraulic lifters. And scheduled maintenance intervals have been extended. The oil filter should be changed every 15,000 miles; the air cleaner every 52,500 miles.



AMERICA'S NOT GOING TO BE PUSHED AROUND ANYMORE.



There's only one 6-passenger wagon with EPA mileage ratings of 24 est. mpg./40 est. Hwy* There's only one station wagon with mid-size room and front-wheel-drive performance. Dodge Aries-K wagon.

The Aries-K wagon has an outstanding ability to hold the road and respond instantly to your driving needs. Chrysler front-wheel-drive makes it all possible.

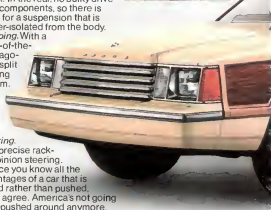
Aries Power. From the Trans-4. Enough to tow a 1000 lb. trailer with a 30 sq. ft. frontal area. **Traction.** Because the transverse-mounted engine and transaxle put most of their weight over the front driving wheels. Enough traction for most road and weather conditions. **Ride.** From the Aries-K suspension. Up front, an Iso-Strut system.

And a front sway bar that's

designed for use with low-rate springs, to create a cushioning effect. In the rear, no bulky drive train components, so there is room for a suspension that is rubber-isolated from the body. **Stopping.** With a state-of-the-art diagonally split braking system.

Steering. With precise rack-and-pinion steering.

Once you know all the advantages of a car that is pulled rather than pushed, you'll agree, America's not going to be pushed around anymore.



America's only front-wheel-drive

Aries-K is assembled in one of the most advanced factories in the world, using some of the strictest quality assurance procedures.

Our engineering goal was to build the highest quality car in its class in America. To help achieve that goal, Chrysler set up one of the most technologically-advanced plants in the world with the most sophisticated assembly techniques.

Each Aries-K unitized body is welded by computerized, automatic Unimate Robots. The door hinges are welded on, not bolted on, to insure precise alignment. Door panels and frames are precision-stamped out of a single piece of galvanized sheet steel to insure a perfect fit. Aries-K bumpers are made from a new, titanium-enriched, ultra-high strength steel. The Trans-4 engine is assembled

in an environment that would rival the cleanliness of a hospital operating room. All air entering the assembly area must pass through a series of 14 huge dust collectors. Even a "white glove test" isn't permitted, for fear of leaving lint.

Computers match pistons and cylinder bores within 1000th of a millimeter tolerance. Each assembled engine is "hot-tested" for 15 minutes and must pass 54 different computer-analyzed tests before it is allowed to go in a car. Critical care is taken in every phase.

From assembly to shipment, every Aries-K must pass more than 2000 quality checks.

The manufacturing technology of The New Chrysler Corporation has created a car that is the envy of the automotive world.





130.8

[CUBIC FEET] Interior Room

The Aries-K wagon has a full 130.8 cubic feet of space. The

kind of people and cargo space you want. With the rear seat down, there's 69.2 cubic feet of easy-to-get-at cargo volume.

5-passenger wagon rated 24 40.

EPA EST. MPG

EST. HONK



Aries-K is designed to transport the American body. And is equipped for American tastes.

The Aries-K interior is designed for the proportions of the American body. And Aries-K Custom comes standard-equipped with features like adjustable head restraints, color-keyed seat belts, deluxe steering wheel, AM radio, cigarette lighter, day/night in-

side mirror and full carpeting.

Styling and performance features include bumper rub strips, wide vinyl body side moldings and fiberglass-belted radials.

And there is a full range of options available, including power seat, power deck lid release, power door locks, tilt steering column and a choice of 6 audio systems.


Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

If you're not satisfied with your new Dodge Aries-K, purchased for personal use from a participating dealer, bring it back in good condition and with no metal damage within 30 days or 1000 miles, whichever comes first. When the dealer gets clear title, you'll get your money back, excluding finance and insurance charges. Trade-in refund may differ from trade-in allowance on retail sales contract. Ask participating dealer for details.

With Aries-K pulling for you, America's not going to be pushed around anymore.



THE NEW CHRYSLER CORPORATION THE AMERICAN WAY TO BEAT THE PUMP.

A black and white photograph of Joe Frazier, a smiling man with a beard, wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is holding a red bag in his left arm and a can of Natural Light beer in his right hand. A glass of beer is visible in the lower right corner.

Joe Frazier.
Famous ex-Miller Lite
drinker.

Look who switched to Natural Light.

Joe Frazier switched to Natural Light because he prefers the taste.

He had no idea that Natural Light's great taste comes from using only the finest natural ingredients.

Or that there are no artificial ingredients in Natural Light, unlike

some other light beers he had tried.

We don't think he even noticed the ingredients listed right on the label: Water, Barley malt, Rice, Hops, Yeast.

He just thinks Natural Light tastes better. And with a guy like Joe Frazier, who's about to argue?

Natural Light.
Taste is why you'll switch.



One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically. Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace.

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

Here's what we're doing:

- Helping to develop standards for safer products
- Advising manufacturers on safety procedures and loss prevention programs
- Supporting legislation to reduce the enormous legal costs of administering the product liability system
- Supporting legislation to make the standards of legal liability more definite, more predictable and more equitable

Here's what you can do:

- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate
- Use all products as they are meant to be used. Read and follow warning labels and instructions for product usage
- Get involved! Become aware of proposals to improve fairness in the legal liability system.

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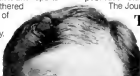
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The paintings accompanying the hockey scouting reports starting on page 52 of this issue were done by Alexander Walsh. Two years ago, when Art Director Richard Gangel came upon Walsh's work at a one-man exhibition in New York, he was captivated by Walsh's use of scale to influence perception. Walsh had done no sports painting, but when Gangel asked him to do a study of the sport of his choosing, he leaped at the chance.

"Sport was 180 degrees away from anything I'd done before, but it still allowed me to communicate my ideas," says Walsh. "I chose hockey because it has the most action and because I think it is more like life than any other team sport. It's spontaneously brutal, and life is really very, very brutal."

Walsh got plenty of firsthand views of hockey's brutality: he had never been to a pro game before, but he saw more than 20 while researching his subject.

peal. "I try to make my pictures as multi-leveled as possible," he says. "On the most superficial level you have a fairly bright, colorful picture of a small-scale hockey player in a stadium. Then you have the concept of after-image: after the game the stadium empties very quickly, and I was playing with the idea of walking out and seeing flashbacks from the game as your eyes go up the steps. On another level you have the idea of these great big hockey heroes, who are larger than life, being reduced in size and shoved under a stadium seat after a game. You'll notice that each hockey player has a little base, like the pieces in a lot of board games. A hockey player after a game is not fluid and active; he's a frozen image, like a chessman. I'm not trying to belittle them by reducing them in scale; I am trying to put them in perspective."

Walsh, 33, was born in Boston and served in Vietnam before attending the Hammersmith College of Art in London. He was director of New York's Terry Dintenfuss Gallery until July, when he traded in his 4½ rooms in Manhattan for a 200-year-old farmhouse and 12 acres in West Woodstock, Conn. There he will deal in 19th-century American landscape paintings and continue his own work, while learning to farm in the self-sufficient manner of his Yankee forebears. His family, wife Jill and their two kids, has already collected a menagerie of chickens, turkeys, sheep, a goat, a horse and a pig named Snorker.

"We didn't have time to tell anyone we were leaving New York," says Walsh. "People still come to the gallery expecting to find me. My former assistant just pulls out a bag of marbles she keeps in her desk and explains that I lost them."

Philip D. Haver



ARTIST WALSH: HE LEFT HIS MARBLES IN MANHATTAN

"I was frightened, to tell you the truth," he says. "The players were zipping by, starting fights right in front of me, and if you didn't watch it, you got a stick right down your throat. For my very first hockey game I went out to Long Island. Before the game I was standing on the rubber mat at the rink entrance, asking a guard where I should go, when Goalie Billy Smith came off the ice and said, 'Get the — out of the way!' I said, 'Yes, Sir.' That was my only conversation with a hockey player."

Walsh decided to leave the emblems off the uniforms of his miniature players to give them a more universal ap-

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Oh those memorable moments!



Christmas is a time to remember those special relatives and friends with whom you shared so many memorable moments.

When it comes to sports, freezing those moments that chill the spine is a skill, a science—a frequent occurrence at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. And over the years, SI writers and photographers have caught some real show-stoppers, like

Jerry West launching and swishing a 60 foot shot that put the Lakers into overtime with the Knicks in the '70 Championship Series.

the unbelievable "Immaculate Reception" by Franco Harris that beat the Oakland Raiders in their '72 playoff game.

Dodger rookie Bob Welch blazing a 3-2 fastball that struck out Reggie Jackson with two men on and 2 out in the ninth inning of game 2 of the '78 World Series.

the uncontrollable elation of the 1980 American Olympic Hockey team after their miracle upset of the Soviets.

This is what sport is all about. The impending confrontation. The showdown. The record-breaking performance. The frenzied celebration.

And SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is always there to capture those golden moments. Ones that are talked about years after they become history.

Give someone close to you a piece of this ongoing glory. Give a gift subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.



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It's written by two leading experts in exercise and sports medicine, Dr. Robert Kerlan and Dr. Frank Jobe, along with their professional associates at the National Athletic Health Institute* (NAHI).



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Occidental Life encourages you to get started on something that's good for you. If you're like most people the results will have you jumping for joy.

We want you with us.



*The quality is inferior to NAMI for this trip in this project. This ad is not to be taken as an endorsement by NAMI of Occidental Life.

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BOOKTALK

by BOB OTTM

A GYMNASTICS BIO THAT'S FULL OF FINE MOVES, ESPECIALLY THE THOMAS FLAIR


This is an unsolicited testimonial, as they said in the old days of radio. In the new days of whatever this era is, it might be called an unabashed plug. Whatever, here goes. There's a book out that you should consider: *Kurt Thomas on Gymnastics*, by Kurt Thomas and Kerri Hannon (Simon and Schuster, \$19.95 hard-cover, \$8.95 in paper). Thomas has a lot of interesting things to say about an exercise sport that many Americans are just beginning to fully appreciate. And he says them exceedingly well.

That's one reason for this plug. Another is that the book's unfortunate title and its rather gritty black-and-white cover photo showing Thomas in a high-V seat, not the most attractive of gymnastic moves, may cause bookstore browsers to mistake it for an instructional. But, no, this is a storybook. The only advice remotely resembling instruction that Thomas offers is a *deitch*—never get so stoked before a world championship that you charge headfirst into a hotel room door. And, don't even think about dating girl gymnasts, most of them are too young, and all of them are too unsexy. Instead, in the chattiest of styles, the two authors simply spin a bunch of gymnastic yarns centered around the remarkable life and times of an extraordinary athlete.

There is Thomas the boy, improbably tiny and feisty to a fault. Thomas the young man who invented the much-copied Thomas Flair, which might be as much a life-style as a gymnastic maneuver. Thomas the world champion from, of all places, the U.S., and Thomas the serious youth who wooed and won and married Beth Oting at Indiana State. "I thought he was some high school kid they were showing around," Beth says, looking back at their courtship. "I'm just a farm girl, so I wasn't impressed that he was a gymnast."

Well, she is now, as are so many fans. And you've got to love a young couple who started married life in a house trailer off campus, using the locker rooms at school as their personal bathrooms when the trailer pipes froze up. Beth worked long hours, and both clung to the idea that, one day, gymnastic dreams would come true. After all, here is a sport, as Thomas says, that is 100% offense, which is pretty tough going. And here is a young man who has written about it exactly the way it is. Besides, Thomas' dreams didn't come true—the Olympic boycott took care of that—which is another reason this guy and his book rate a plug.

END

A close-up photograph of a man's face in profile, aiming three darts at a target. He is holding the darts with his right hand, which is wearing a diamond-encrusted metal bracelet. A glass of beer is visible in the lower right corner. The background is dark and out of focus.

*No matter what you do,
you always make your point.*

He knows how to wear his diamonds.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

After 9 years, it's
still built on
the same simple
philosophy.



The world has changed a lot over the past nine years.

So have our Honda Civics.

They're still built on the same simple philosophy of course: Simple to own. Simple to drive. And simple to maintain.

But the 1981 Honda Civic DX Hatchback gleaming in our picture is a very different car from the Civic we introduced back in 1973.

INSIDE. SIMPLE BUT CERTAINLY NOT PLAIN.

Some people thought our early Civics were a little plain inside.

Well, the 1981 Civic DX is just plain luxurious.

With velvet-like seat fabric, deep pile carpeting, remote hood and hatch release, glove box and tinted glass.

While on the Civic 1500 DX, a rear window wiper and washer help

you see where you've been as well as where you're going.

SOME SIMPLE ENGINEERING FACTS.

The 1981 Civic DX features front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted CVCC engine. 1335cc or 1488cc.

Four-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering, a 5-speed transmission and steel-belted radials come as standard.

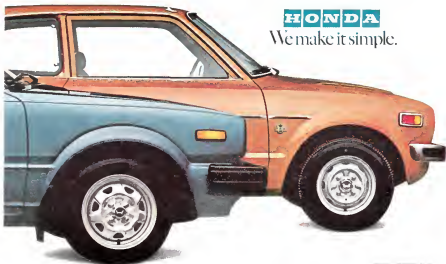
New for this year, is the optional 3-speed automatic transmission.

DURABILITY IS ALSO PART OF OUR PHILOSOPHY.

We're not trying to say our cars are immortal. But they are built to last a long time.

We hope it won't be long before you test drive a Honda Civic DX.

Because if you buy our simple philosophy, you're sure to buy our car.



HONDA

We make it simple.

The Nikon EM **It's easy. It's inexpensive. And, it's a Nikon.**



The electronic Nikon EM may very well be the world's easiest-to-use fine 35mm camera.

You simply focus and shoot. And, you get great photographs even if you're not a great photographer.

If you would rather think of the EM as the world's finest easy-to-use camera, you would be right, too. This light, small precision camera is every inch a Nikon. And, as you probably know, Nikon cameras are the overwhelming choice of professional photographers.

You'd never suspect such a fine camera could be so inexpensive. Fact is, the Nikon EM is one of the lowest-priced automatic 35mm reflex cameras you can buy. It also accepts a low cost Nikon automatic flash, motor drive and all of the nearly 70 magnificent Nikon lenses.

Try the Nikon EM yourself soon. You'll find it easy to use and easy to own. And, very hard to resist.

1980 Nikon Inc.
Garden City, New York 11530

VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

MANY A FISH AND FOWL WITH A BAD REP MAKE FOR GOOD SPORT AND EATING

Pacific lampreys are eel-like fish with disk-shaped mouths and jagged teeth. Like salmon and steelhead, they spend their adult lives in the ocean and then ascend coastal rivers to spawn. They subsist as parasites, boring through the skin of other fish with their teeth and sucking themselves to their hosts with their mouths. They feed on blood and body fluids.

My first experience with a lamprey was a dozen years ago on Northern California's Klamath River. I was wading down a riffle, fly-fishing for steelhead, and felt what I thought was a strike. The line stopped and tightened, the rod bent, and something ran out a few feet of line. Increasing the pressure wouldn't budge whatever I'd hooked. Convinced that I'd snared an old boot or a waterlogged tree limb, I decided to break the line or reel in my "catch," whichever came first.

My leader took the strain, and within seconds I had dragged in a four-pound jack salmon—only it wasn't hooked. Somehow my fly had snagged the tail of a two-foot lamprey that had latched on to the jack salmon's back near the dorsal fin. Looking closer through the slightly rippled water, I saw eight or 10 dime-sized holes across the salmon's back and side. In fact, the dark, unusually thin fish seemed to be all but sucked dry. The gray-brown, slimy-looking lamprey was thick and healthy, though, and I found it a repulsive sight. When I couldn't separate it from the salmon by yanking at the leader, I cut the monofilament a few inches above the lamprey's tail. The salmon righted itself in the shallow water and swam slowly away with the lamprey still attached.

For a long time afterward I thought of lampreys with complete disgust. They were ugly, harmful parasites, and I was certain that the world—or its coastal rivers, at any rate—would be far better off without them. My prejudice didn't waver until a couple of years ago, when I was surprised to learn that lampreys are edible.

Oregon's Warm Springs Indians travel hundreds of miles each year to harvest them from the Columbia, Deschutes and Willamette rivers. They take the lampreys in nets or pluck them off rocks to which the fish have attached themselves with their powerful mouths as they climb waterfalls en route to their spawning grounds. Some of the harvest is cooked fresh, some is canned. Many lampreys are simply stretched open with cedar sticks after butchering and dried in the shade

for a few days or lightly smoked. There are no bones to worry about, and—I had to admit when I thought myself to try—it's rich, white meat is not just edible, it's delicious.

I now realize that my bias against lampreys, I had been the result of an unfortunate conditioning process that affects most American sportsmen. The hundreds of books and articles on hunting and fishing that appear each year lead us to believe that only a few species of fish and game are desirable. Out West, for example, freshwater anglers are deluged with advice on the best ways to catch and cook salmon, trout and steelhead. Getting one's limit of these fish is the standard measure of success, and sporting literature abounds with photos of smiling anglers displaying their bounty. When it comes to upland bird hunting, outdoor writers emphasize pheasants to the point where one might conclude that they are the only game bird available.

The situation is complicated by the fact that a lot of so-called sportsmen aren't after sport at all. They're after meat. Just a generation or two back, many families had to hunt and fish to survive, and that tradition still flourishes in some parts of the country. A related factor is what I call the "farm-ranch mentality." In rural areas most domestic animals are raised to be slaughtered and eaten or sold. Naturally, the farmers and ranchers who do the killing, eating and selling aren't much more romantically inclined toward wild creatures than they are toward those in the pasture or barn. Not surprisingly, then, they don't consider a hunting or fishing trip a success unless "meat on the table" is the result.

I used to hunt and fish with a friend whose wife—they both were from Nebraska—would fly into a rage when he came home empty-handed. Ordinarily, she was a reserved and friendly person, but a day spent with a rod or a gun that yielded nothing but pleasant fatigue was a waste of time to her. I have been called worse than an idiot by fishermen who've seen me release a salmon or a steelhead. Watching 10 or 20 pounds of edible flesh swim away was more than they could bear.

In short, a lot of outdoorsmen confuse their desire for meat with a desire for sport. The misfortune is that to get their meat they slaughter animals that some of us consider too valuable to serve as mere meals.

Which brings us back to lampreys and to what they suggest in terms of a solution. There are a number of wild creatures that, although they may not provide outstanding sport and often aren't particularly nice to look at, either, make better eating than the subjects of all the books and articles. A good example is the squawfish, a voracious minnow that feeds on other fish, including young salmon and steelhead, and is found in many of the same rivers as lampreys. Five-pounders are common (they are reported to reach 80 pounds), and they can be caught on nearly anything, including streamer flies. The few fishermen who

do go after squawfish consider them good eating, especially when smoked. Last summer a friend of mine ran into a large school of squawfish while canoeing down Oregon's lower Umpqua River. He stopped to fish for them with steelhead flies, and he compared their strikes and untold downstream runs with those of steelheads. The squawfish, however, were far easier to hook.

Another unjustly slighted fish is the sucker. It, too, thrives in coastal rivers and is quite tasty. And warmerwater fish like crappies and bluegill are a breeze to catch, delicious to eat and prolific enough to withstand just about any amount of angling pressure. Compared with planted trout—which are what most casual river anglers catch and which come from the hatcheries' mushy-fleshed and tasteless, at least in my palate—these warmerwater fish are delectable.

Everyone who owns a shotgun apparently wants to shoot a pheasant. "Pheasant under glass" does have a nice ring, but, unfortunately, pheasant populations have been declining at most areas for years. Not so with pheasant hunters, whose number remains steady. The sport is so crowded that you risk serious injury, if not your life, by hunting on public land on opening day. Besides, most pheasants are found on private farms and ranches, which are almost always posted.

Meanwhile, a plethora of valley quail often can be found in pheasant country out West, and though they make far better eating than their larger cousins, they are virtually ignored. So are grouse and mountain quail, which are bountiful and are usually found on public land in the West. It's possible to hunt these birds through an entire season and never run into another human being.

Totally neglected as a source of food is the lowly starling, which was imported from Europe to New York in 1890 by Eugene Schieffelin, a pharmaceutical heir and bird fancier, who thought it would be nice if North America had a population of every avian species mentioned in Shakespeare. Thanks to King Henry IV, Part I, starlings were introduced and eventually spread across the continent. In many areas they are now considered nuisances and fair game. Yet, though few people know it or would care about it if they did, starlings are fine table birds. In fact, the "four and 20 blackbirds, baked in a pie" were probably starlings. There certainly isn't any shortage of them, and as an added incentive, their flank feathers make a suitable substitute for the rare jungle cock on streamer flies.

Outdoor writers—and state game commissions—need to stress that sport is one thing, the filling of freezers another, that anyone after sport should limit his killing—as opposed to killing his limit—and thereby preserve what he enjoys; that anyone after meat should consider burning wildlife that is in abundant supply rather than simply those species that we have been conditioned to desire. **END**

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Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

**BUTCH CONSIDERED LIFE AT OUR PLACE
THE BERRIES UNTIL HE MET THE BAD JAY**

Our family cat, a tom named Butch, looks like a miniature cougar; he has a small head with prominent whiskers, short yellowish-brown fur above, whitish underparts and an extraordinarily long and graceful tail with faint rings on its tip. He arrived last spring at our Ashland, Ore. home to replace a cat named Frankenstein, an old stray that we kept for a year before he suffered a fatal heart attack. I never had to worry much about Frankenstein menacing the birds in our yard, but when Butch came into the family I sensed trouble, and I was right.

We have always put out well-stocked bird feeders in the winter, and during the rest of the year the birds feed on the trees, shrubs and berry patches that closely surround our house. Among our regular visitors are sparrows, woodpeckers, finches, waxwings, warblers, chickadees and both Steller's and scrub jays.

When we let Butch out the front door for the first time, we put a bowl of cat food on the porch, hoping that the memory of it would ensure his return home. It worked, and he settled into a routine: carefully out the door, a long look to either side to check for whatever it is cats worry over when they go through any passageway; two or three sniffs at the food dish; and then a quick dash across the road to the blackberry patch.

From his first visit, Butch considered the blackberry patch his own. After he claimed it, I seldom saw another cat come near it, and when one did it never stayed for long. Butch drove the birds away, too, and spent his time hunting mice and, occasionally, gophers. After successful outings, he would deposit his victims on the front porch, eat from his dish and nap for an hour or two before crossing the road to hunt again. It seemed fitting enough that an aristocrat like Butch should have a well-stocked private hunting preserve, but soon a belligerent trespasser arrived on the scene.

It was a scrub jay. Scrub jays are bold, tough birds, and the one that challenged Butch was exceptionally tenacious. It was longer by two inches than any scrub jay I'd ever seen, and the contrasts among its white throat, blue crown and gray back were exceptionally well defined. Its hard, black beak looked needle sharp; its beady eyes glittered with malice; its high, shrill call was loud and incessant. And it absolutely refused to be driven from the berry patch.

Butch certainly tried, but it was obvious that this old jay was experienced at self-de-



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fense. It would hop and flutter among the bushes, let the cat get tantalizingly close and then, just as Butch pounced, lift off quickly and swoop down from behind, pecking Butch on top of the head.

Once Butch came close enough to claw a feather from the jay's tail. In retaliation, the jay drew blood on Butch's head with an especially vicious peck. Each of them gained a measure of respect for the other from this encounter, and for the next few days they attacked and counterattacked with somewhat less enthusiasm.

Eventually the scrub jay discovered Butch's food dish on the porch. It liked cat food, and whenever Butch crossed the road to the berry patch, the bird flew to the porch to steal some. For two days Butch sprinted back and forth in frustration, wondering what to do. Finally realizing a choice had to be made, he decided to protect his food.

Now the scrub jay took the offensive. It would perch on a low branch of a fir tree, just a few feet above where Butch stood guard, and shriek tauntingly at him. Sometimes Butch hissed back, orange eyes glowing with hatred.

Whenever Butch dozed off, the jay would swoop down, peck the cat on the head and sail back to his perch. This would infuriate Butch to such a degree that he'd sprint down the steps and up the tree, whereupon the jay would fly down once again to steal more food.

It seemed hopeless for Butch, and I was on the verge of taking the dish inside and ending the conflict when Butch solved the problem himself. On a sunny morning in mid-June, he pretended to be asleep, and when the jay dived down from the tree, Butch turned and pounced. It happened so fast that I didn't see much. There were hisses and squawks and a blue-brown blur from which a couple of feathers flew. It lasted about a second.

When they came apart the jay flew silently across the road and into the tangle of blackberry bushes, apparently healthy. Butch, looking puzzled, meowed and licked a blooded paw before curling up and sleeping for a few hours.

Several months have passed. Now Butch and the scrub jay are friends. Apparently their friendship is based on common sense and mutual respect, and so far as I can tell it began to develop after Butch set his trap and the scrub jay managed to escape it. In the morning the jay sits on the front porch and calls for Butch. When we let him out, the two of them cross the road and play a sort of tag among the blackberry bushes. Later, on the porch, Butch curls up near his food, and the jay perches on the rung of a trellis a yard away. Sometimes Butch will stir himself to take a morsel of food. Sometimes the jay will. Once, when the jay disappeared for a week or 10 days, Butch wouldn't eat a thing. Now Butch meows at the jay but never hisses, and the bird calls back at him, but softly. **END**



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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NIGHT OF HORROR

After a Monday-night NFL game at Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass. in 1976, a 41-7 victory by the Patriots over the Jets, Foxboro Police Chief Daniel McCarthy urged the town's residents to "hope and pray" that no more night games would be played there. McCarthy was upset about a frightening evening during which a fan was stabbed, a police officer assaulted and his gun stolen, and drunkenness and brawling resulted in the arrest of more than 60 people. Thirty-five others were treated at hospitals.

It's a poorly kept NFL secret that boo-liganism increases during Monday-night games, which, when played in the East, start at the relatively late hour of 9 p.m. to accommodate West Coast TV viewers. This keeps many families at home and brings out a tougher, younger crowd that spends the hours before the kickoff drinking. Conditions are particularly volatile at Schaefer. Built hurriedly in 1971 to keep the Patriots from being moved out of New England, the stadium is accessible only via U.S. Route 1, which is consequently clogged before and after games with monstrous traffic jams. That keeps people on the scene drinking and carousing all the longer. After the '76 debacle, police began the practice of frisking fans entering Patriot games in an effort to keep out liquor. But beer is still sold inside the stadium, which, after all, is named after a brewery, and little has been done about traffic congestion. And Chief McCarthy's pleas notwithstanding, another Monday-night game was held at Schaefer last week, a 23-14 New England victory over Denver.

It was another night of horror. Because the game hadn't been sold out, a last-minute rush of ticket buyers added to the usual traffic problems, prompting many fans to leave their cars a mile or more away and walk along Route 1 to the stadium. The roadway is poorly lighted, as are the stadium's parking lots, and pedestrians had to dodge cars at every turn. A 69-year-old man crossing Route 1 was fa-

tally injured when he was hit and thrown 100 feet by a car driven by a teen-ager who, police said, had been drinking. Less tragically, many other fans didn't reach their seats until halftime, and when they did, they found youths flinging cups of beer at one another, Frisbees being thrown to and fro at near-decapitation velocity, and fistfights breaking out everywhere. There were at least 50 arrests and more than 100 people were evicted.

As cops swept into the stands to haul away limp bodies, they were booed and doused with beer and mustard. One policeman was kicked in the back during a scuffle and required hospitalization. Some alarmed fans left even before the start of the fourth quarter. Outside, youths rampaged through the parking lots, snapping off auto antennas, kicking in car doors and urinating on tires. (At the '76 Monday-night game a medic administering to a heart attack victim under the stands was urinated on by a passing fan.) Exiting traffic was so backed up that some fans didn't get out of the parking lot for more than two hours. Bonfires were built, and drinking and fighting continued till the wee hours of Tuesday morning.

Though scarcely to blame for fan rowdiness, which is a growing problem in the U.S. and other countries, the NFL and the Patriots could do more to alleviate some of the conditions that encourage it. When questioned by SI's Bob Sullivan, league and club officials at first tried to downplay the Monday-night disturbances at Foxboro. But after Sullivan revealed that he had been at the game and had sat in the stands, New England's assistant general manager, Patrick Sullivan, admitted, "There was a load of people here drunk out of their minds. We got a number of calls from people who said they're not coming back. We'll bring in the National Guard if we have to make things safe." But nobody seems eager to ban the sale of beer, a big revenue producer. Meanwhile, suggestions to illuminate and/or widen Route 1 get nowhere be-

cause of bickering over who should foot the bill. As for Daniel McCarthy, he was succeeded as Foxboro's police chief in 1976 by John Gaudet, but Gaudet's words have a familiar ring: "I'd rather not have night football here."

A PASS AT LAST

It was cause for celebration Thursday night when, in the 160th of his team's 162 games, Oakland Shortstop Rob Picciolo drew his first base on balls of the 1980 season. Picciolo is the undisputed champion of non-walkers, that breed of free swinging, unselective and—sometimes—unfearful batters who seldom draw a pass. Granted, he didn't break the major league record (13) for fewest walks in a season, which is shared by the Giants' Jesus Alou (1965) and the Yankees' Mickey Rivers (1976), but that's only because a player must be credited with at least 500 at bats to be eligible for the record. Because Picciolo shared the A's shortstop job with Mario Guerrero and frequently



batted ninth when he was in the lineup, he fell far short of 500 in 1980.

But Picciolo has Alou and Rivers beat in a walk. In his three previous big league seasons, he had a total of 860 at bats, yet walked only 14 times. In '80 he had 271 at bats but didn't draw a base on balls until a 9-4 loss Thursday to the White Sox when, after Chicago Pitcher Rich Dotson had worked the count on Picciolo to 3-1, Umpire Marty Springstead called a ball, prompting cries of jubilation from the Oakland bench. In the season finale on Sunday, a 5-4, 15-inning loss to Milwaukee, Picciolo walked for the second and last time of 1980.

The fact that Picciolo has hit only .228 during his career (.240 this season) helps explain his failure to draw many walks;

continued



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pitchers don't want to walk a weak hitter, especially with the top of the order looming. That Picciolo bats from a stand-up stance, providing the pitcher with a large strike zone, is also a factor. So is his failure to be more selective about pitches. "I'm too anxious to hit," he says. "I've tried crouching but it doesn't feel natural. The crouch gives the pitcher a larger strike zone. I plan to work at it this winter and on picking up the flight of the ball and being more patient."

As a model, Picciolo might consider teammate Ricky Henderson, who bats in an exaggerated crouch and is a paragon of patience. Henderson, the A's leadoff man, drew 117 walks this season, second in the American League to Willie Randolph's 119. And he was so pleased when Picciolo walked against the White Sox that he followed that miraculous occurrence by hitting a two-run homer.

UNSURE FOOTING

Senior Editor Mark Mulvoy, an ersatz Boston rank rat who has written and edited hockey for SI for 15 years, takes NHL President John Ziegler to task in this issue (page 50) for, among other things, failing to deal adequately with violence during games. That shorcoming, of which the other pro leagues are also guilty, albeit to a lesser extent, was the subject of House Judiciary subcommittee hearings last week on proposed legislation to make excessive violence in pro sports a federal offense (SCORECARD, Sept. 8). Richard B. Horrow, a 25-year-old lawyer who has worked closely with the bill's sponsor, Ohio Congressman Ronald Mottl, admits that immediate enactment of House Bill 7903 is unlikely but says that the hearings "put the sports world on notice that the Federal Government is at least watching."

That the NHL merits special attention is made clear in Sports Violence, a recently published book that grew out of research Horrow undertook while attending Harvard Law School, from which he graduated last year. In his book Horrow marshals evidence that instead of curbing violence, the NHL encourages it as a way of filling arenas; that each team tries to have at least one player known variously as the policeman, enforcer, hit man, cement head or designated hitter; that this player often deliberately starts fights to give teammates a psychological lift and to intimidate opponents; that under NHL "etiquette" players pair off for fights ac-

cording to size and position; that during contract negotiations management often dwells on how well a player uses his fists; that teams have offered to give players boxing lessons; that players who fail to stand their ground in fights are often derided or traded; that rules are so lax that even if a player, without provocation, knocks an opponent senseless, the "appropriate" punishment is seldom more than a two-minute minor penalty; and that the NHL has made only "token gestures" to clean up the game.

Horrow notes that the NHL excuses fighting on the grounds 1) that it constitutes an "escape valve" for aggressiveness that might otherwise lead to worse behavior, and 2) that because of unsure footing on the ice, nobody can get hurt in a fight. Horrow points out that neither of these claims is true—to the contrary, fighting and the retaliation it encourages can lead to the more dangerous use of sticks—and he adds that gratuitous violence in the NHL detracts from hockey's inherent finesse and skill.

Ziegler was invited to testify at last week's hearings, as were four other commissioners, baseball's Bowie Kuhn, the NFL's Pete Rozelle, the NBA's Larry O'Brien and NASL's Phil Woosnam. All declined. Ziegler couldn't make it because he was going to Europe to watch exhibition games in Sweden involving the Washington Capitals and the Minnesota North Stars and to smooth out some differences between the NHL and the Czechoslovakian hockey federation.

THE EXPENDABLES

After Stanford's 31-14 upset victory over Oklahoma, the San Francisco Chronicle's Lowell Cohn went to a Norman, Okla. bar called the Interurban, where he talked to stunned Sooners fans, including a law student named Dave, who told him, "It's kind of unfair. These Stanford players have academics. But if our guys don't play football, well, what the hell are they good for? We should just get rid of them."

A SPECIAL FAREWELL

Few athletes have retired with as much dignity as the Boston Celtics' Dave Cowens did last week. The 31-year-old Cowens sat in a hotel room in Terre Haute, Ind., where the Celtics were playing an exhibition game, and drafted a handwritten statement without benefit of a ghostwriter. In the statement, which ran in both Boston newspapers, Cowens—a 10-

year veteran who was the NBA's most valuable player in 1973, led the Celtics to league championships in '74 and '76 and was their player-coach two years ago—explained that he was retiring because he was hobbled by foot ailments. He added, "I do not believe in taking medication which many others utilize to mask the pain and allow them to play more years and earn more income."

Cowens said he was worried that by quitting only nine days before the 1980-81 opener he might be committing a "fraudulent act" toward Celtic season ticket-holders, but finally concluded he'd have done them a greater disservice by playing. "I'll tell you why it is such a difficult decision to make—because of the financial reward," he wrote. "I have climbed the ladder of success in the NBA to the point where I command top dollar for my services. But the last time I negotiated a contract was five years ago. The only reason I am getting paid top dollar now is not because I am a top talent; it is because I negotiated from a point of strength five years ago. . . . I wouldn't feel guilty about the amount of money I would earn under these conditions if I thought I could play even as well as I did last year. But I can't. . . ."

Cowens also wrote, "My whole reputation has been one of giving maximum effort, and I want to be remembered as just such a player. Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not perfect. I've dogged it in practices, performed extremely poorly in games and done my share of complaining. But I've always had the desire to work hard and do my part, more, if necessary. I think every one of my teammates enjoyed playing ball with me. I think one of the basic characteristics of a quality player is being able to complement his teammates, increasing their worth along with his."

We can't say for certain whether Cowens will stick by his decision to quit. But we're sure that he was justified in asking, at the start of his statement, "Why is it that athletes who retire always allow other people to write their career obituary?"

THEY SAID IT

- Brad Dillman, actor, explaining why he prefers golf to tennis: "All tennis courts look alike."
- John McKay, Tampa Bay coach, asked following a 34-27 loss to Cleveland what he thought of his team's execution: "I think it's a good idea."

END

"Panasonic Color TV. So life-like, they play as brilliantly as I do."

Ryan Jackson

"When it comes to watching me, nothing makes me look better than a Panasonic color TV. Every Panasonic, from our 7" (meas diag) battery-operated portable to our big projection TVs, creates a picture that's so bright, so sharp, so colorful, it's really life-like. So life-like, you'll feel you're at the ballpark with me. And what's better than that?"

"I'll tell you: The two Panasonic CinemaVision projection TVs give you a picture that's not only life-like, but life-size. Our new rear projection CinemaVision (CT-4500 shown below) puts a 45" screen (meas diag) in a slim, trim body. Now you won't have to fill your room to get a roomful of picture. And you can control your CinemaVision from anywhere in the room. Because it has a

16-button synthesizer remote control. Synthesizer tuning, found in many Panasonic color TVs, uses computer technology. So you can go directly from the channel you're on to the channel you want, without having to go through all the channels in between.

"Panasonic CinemaVision and our other 30 color TVs make me look great. Whether it's a 7", 10", 12", 13", 19", 25", 45" or 5-foot Panasonic TV (all meas diag), you'll get a picture that's so life-like, you'll feel like you're part of the picture."

"That's why I say Panasonic color TVs play as brilliantly as I do."

TV picture simulated. Celebrity is simulated woodgrain.



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just slightly ahead of our time.



Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 13, 1980





DOOM IN THE DESERT

The ravages of age and his training regimen left Muhammad Ali helpless before the swift fists of Larry Holmes by PAT PUTNAM

CONTINUED



Attended by members of his entourage, Ali napped in mock-Roman splendor before entering the ring.

THE FIGHT *continued*

Round 1 had ended, and Muhammad Ali, slumped on the stool in his corner, knew then what the world would soon discover. The recently regained body beautiful was no more than a clever counterfeit. Ali was a Ferrari without an engine, a Rolex with the works missing. There was nothing inside. As Ali sat half listening to Trainer Angelo Dundee, sadly he understood that the career that had burst so brilliantly into being 20 years earlier at the Olympics in Rome would end this night in humiliation and defeat in a Las Vegas parking lot.

The fight—if Ali's painful performance against WBC champion Larry Holmes last Thursday in a temporary stadium erected by Caesars Palace can be called a fight—would continue for another nine rounds. But Ali, betrayed by a body that no longer obeyed the commands of his ego, knew after but three minutes of fighting that there would be no fourth heavyweight title; there would be no miracle. As others had before him, he had come back one time too many.

Ali would say later, "All I could think of after the first round was, 'Oh, God, I still have 14 rounds to go.' I had nothing. Nothing. I knew it was hopeless. I knew I couldn't win and I knew I'd never quit. I looked across at Holmes and knew he would win but that he was going to have to kill me to get me out of the ring."

Ali, who would be sitting on that same

Holmes' attack at the opening ball obliged Ali to abandon his plan and go on the defensive

stool 35 minutes later as Dundee signaled surrender before the start of the 11th round, did not come into the ring old and fat; he came in old and—for him—thin. Too thin. A blubbery 256 pounds just a few months ago, at the weigh-in the day before the fight he had balanced the scale at 217½ pounds. And with his graying hair dyed black, so outward appearances he had wiped away 10 years. But while no one knew for certain then, this was to be his final victory. He had won the battle of the bulge but it had cost him—if indeed he had ever had any chance—the war. He had gained sleekness at the cost of strength and endurance. It was as though he had trained for a beauty contest and not for a fight.



As Keith Kleven, Holmes' physical therapist, explained: "Getting his weight down, looking fit and trim, became an obsession with him. He thought if his weight came down everything else would fall into place. He lost at least 37 pounds in a very short period. He went too far. When you lose so much so fast, after such a dramatic change in diet and physical activity, there is a drastic change in the function of the body's enzymes. Instead of losing fat, you begin to deplete muscle substance. Strength and stamina are lost. It wouldn't have mattered either way, but against Larry the old man was merely a shell of his former self."

Four weeks before the fight, as Holmes trained in his hometown of Easton, Pa., for a brief time it had looked as if it wouldn't matter if Ali weighed 217, 256 or 300 pounds. That was on the day the champion threw a right against sparring partner LeRoy Diggs and felt pain searing through his hand. It was the same hand he had broken in a bout with Roy Williams in 1976.

Holmes was rushed to the hospital, where X rays showed there was no fracture this time. Still, there was this terrible pain. The punch had caused a severe bone bruise and soft-tissue trauma in the carpal bones of the wrist and the metacarpal bone junction just above the thumb. After consulting with Holmes' manager-trainer Richie Giachetti, Kleven treated the fighter's hand three times a day for two weeks. He also devised a foam cast that the champion wore under the tape on the hand during his workouts.

"And he wore the cast at night," said Jake Holmes, the champion's older brother. "Then we'd take it off in the morning before any reporters showed up. The hand hurt Larry but it kept improving, and we didn't want people making a lot more out of it than it really was."

When Holmes arrived in Las Vegas for his final three weeks of training, there was no visible evidence that he was in anything but excellent physical condition. He worked harder for Ali than for any previous opponent. He ran more, sparred more. In Easton, part of his roadwork was on a hill that soared nine-tenths of a mile almost straight up. In Las Vegas his route was out where the desert grades upward toward the mountains. Most mornings he ran five miles at a seven-minute pace. Every morning he ran with grim determination.



Holmes' thunderous jab consistently reached Ali, snaking through the three-time champion's peekaboo defense to his chin or—frequently and equally telling—coming in low to the body to drop Ali's guard



During sparring, Holmes worked over his hired hands with savage intensity, and when he was done he had boxed 210 rounds. "He was averaging 75 punches a round," said Giachetti. "I counted rounds as high as 95. Now you know why he pays his sparring partners \$1,000 a week and offers them a \$10,000 bonus if they can knock him down. When Ali spars he's playing; when Larry spars he's all business."

While "playing" on an afternoon 11 days before the fight, which would earn him \$8 million, Ali, too, had experienced

a sharp pain, in his left arm. He had pulled a muscle. The following morning several members of Ali's staff went to the Desert Springs Hospital and tried to purchase an ultrasound machine and a muscle stimulator. They were asked if they had the required licenses to operate them.

"We'll pay any price," was the reply. "Just give us the machines."

"Sorry."

As has been his habit for years, Dundee, who has trained Ali since his second professional fight, arrived for the

continued

final stages of the former champion's training. Dundee watched and he frowned, and then he watched some more and he began to worry. He saw the flat stomach and he was impressed, but everything else he saw left him depressed.

While sipping coffee in his room, Dundee put his fear into words. "The gym," he said, "did you see him in the gym?"

"Yeah, he was doing nothing. Those sparring partners were all over him."

"It's not that," Dundee said. "Ali hasn't won a round in the gym since I've known him. He's the worst gym fighter in the world. But he always showed me flashes: 10 seconds, 15 seconds. Out there I begged him: show me something. Just show me a little. It wasn't there. He didn't have anything to show."

In Room 301 of the same hotel Ali was once again—perhaps for the 100th time, or it could have been the 1,000th—watching a TV tape of Holmes' lackluster but winning fight against current WBA champion Mike Weaver. Of all the fights Ali could have picked to study, this showed Holmes at his worst. Holmes had been ill from a virus that would have put most men in bed when he stepped into the ring against Weaver. An hour before the fight he was injected with a double dose of antibiotics. It was a miracle he could walk, much less fight.

When the tape ended, Ali stared at the flickering light. Then he said, "I got to go out and win the first five rounds to win the judges, to win the people. I've got to go right out and attack him, then stick and move. That's why I lost to Spinks. I lost the first four rounds and I never got them back. I can't lose this fight. I've shot off my big mouth too much. If I lose, the press will tear me up. You don't think I can lose, do you?"

The question hung in the air like the blade of a guillotine.

Gene Kilroy, the administrative aide who brings some semblance of order to the madness of Ali's tumultuous entourage, finally sliced the silence. "It's no contest," said Kilroy. "You'll eat him alive."

Satisfied, Ali went on. "I've got myself to the point where I'm so psyched, it's either life or death. I'm a Kamikaze pilot. Holmes is only thinking about his little kids, his big house, his wife and his swimming pool. All I'm thinking about is winning."

On a large mirror on one wall of Suite



Ali's once flashing jab found the mark only occasionally. More often Holmes picked it off or it missed.

4520 in Caesars Palace, Holmes had indeed taped up a huge hand-printed sign that said: FIRST: MY WIFE. MY CHILDREN. MY FAMILY. MY HOUSE. P.S. MY POOL.

Over it was a picture of his wife Diane and his six-month-old daughter Kandy, and just to the right of this list of priorities, on purple art board, was an architect's drawing of the home Holmes is having built in Easton. On another wall was a small picture of Ali. Luis Rodriguez, Holmes' press representative and friend, had blackened both of Ali's eyes with dark ink—an accurate prophecy.

Less than 48 hours before the fight, Holmes, his hand healed, and now weighing a fit 211½ pounds, sat in the suite with Kandy planted on his hand left thigh. She gurgled a sentence and Holmes laughed as he translated. "She just said I was going to whip Ali," he said.

Then the smile was gone; the moment became serious. "I hear that Ali was in his room at 5 a.m. watching films of my fight while I was sleeping," Holmes said. "Why? Because he's worried and he can't sleep. We talked last night. We made a deal. We are going to meet in the center of the ring and we are going to fight until one of us drops. I'm not mad at him. In fact, I find him amusing. He makes me laugh. I'm a nice guy outside of the

ring. But no one should mistake my kindness for weakness." Holmes' voice dropped and hardened. "In the ring I am a different person. All I've heard since I've been fighting is Ali, Ali, Ali. I'm sick of being compared to him. If Ali killed me in the ring I wouldn't care. All I want to do is go out there and get the monkey off my back. I want to get him out of there as fast as I can. If I can knock him out with my first punch, then that is what I am going to do."

Despite an unseasonably hot spell in Las Vegas, the night of the fight was relatively cool. No wind had been predicted, but a slight breeze had come up from the northeast, wafting refreshingly through the 24,790-seat open arena. At 8:07 p.m., Ali came into the ring. His face was grim. Seven minutes later, Holmes, appearing even more grim, followed him.

Then Ali and his sidekick Drew (Bundini) Brown went into their act. The sell-out crowd, which had paid a record \$6,200,000, began to chant, "Ali! Ali! Ali!" Grim no longer, Ali lunged as though to attack Holmes but was restrained by Dundee and Assistant Trainer Wali Youngblood. "I want you," Ali screamed at the champion, who stonily ignored him. As Jake Holmes held up

his brother's green championship belt in answer to the crowd's chants. Bundini charged toward Jake, who would probably go off at even money against a tank. There was a flurry of bumps and shoves and shouts, and subsequently Bundini decided to harass Holmes from a distance.

As the Ali-Bundini act swirled toward madness, Holmes, continuing to ignore them both, walked over to the box of resin dust. Ali tried to block his way. Holmes shoved him aside. "I just wanted to show

him I wasn't there to clown around," Holmes said later. "I was there to fight."

Finally, Referee Richard Green, who was getting fed up with the crowd scene, yelled to Dundee, "I'm going to have them ring the bell."

"Please do," said Dundee.

But Bundini wasn't finished. "I want to bet \$500," he screamed at the Holmes camp.

"You got it," said Giachetti, getting to him before Jake. The two men shook

hands to seal the wager, and with that sanity reappeared. The ring was quickly cleared, and the fight was on.

Holmes came out with a rush, and Ali tried to fend him off with a wild looping right that missed. Holmes introduced him to his jab, which is a ripping weapon, fired hard and true, and is more damaging than most fighters' hooks. Then he hooked Ali to the temple and drilled a right to the head. The tempo was set; the final chapter of a legend *continued*

Ali's intention was to come over Holmes' jab with a right, and in the early rounds he connected several times, unsettling the champ—but not for long.



was being written under the darkened Nevada sky.

Ali's jab, so brilliant in the past, was no more than a tired push. It was both little used and useless. In the first round he hit Holmes with one solid right hand over a jab. "A-li! A-li! A-li!" In the second round he scored with two rights. "A-li! A-li! A-li!" But even the chant seemed to have lost some of its fervor, its hope. From that point on there was nothing, only a condemned man waiting to be summoned from his cell.

But Giachetti was taking no chances. When Holmes came back to the corner after the second round, Giachetti said, "Did you see that right hand? That's all he's got."

"I saw it," Holmes assured his manager. "I saw it and I said, 'Oh-oh, I better take a step back and get serious.'"

"Well, that's the punch I warned you about."

"I know."

What they didn't know was that Ali didn't have another right hand in his arsenal. He was through. Ali he had left was his mouth. After taking a beating in the third round, Ali followed Holmes to his corner shouting insults. The referee grabbed Ali and pushed him toward his

corner. "You're scared to death," Jake Holmes yelled at the retreating ex-champion. Larry Holmes took no notice.

By the fourth round Ali, an exhausted man trying to survive, had an ugly bruise under his left eye.

After the fourth round Giachetti told Holmes to work Ali into the middle of the ring. "The ropes are the only thing holding him up," Giachetti said. "Get him out where he can fall down."

Over in Ali's corner Dundee was begging his man to fight. "I was trying to pump him up," Dundee would say later. "But you can't pump up what isn't there. You can't get water out of a dry well."

It had almost ended in the fourth. Near the end of the round Holmes caught Ali with a vicious right hook to the kidneys. Ali's knees began to buckle. Holmes thought the fight would end at that moment. "When the hook hit him he moaned and started to fall. Then all of a sudden he jerked himself up. His damn pride just wouldn't let him fall. There's not another man on earth who would have been on his feet after that punch."

Ali fought the fifth and sixth rounds like a man in a semi-daze. He was continually blinking as though trying to clear his head. When he wasn't *continued*

STRANDED IN DONKINGLAND

Does it really matter? Does anyone really care about the quality of the production of the closed-circuit television of a fight? It is rather like critiquing the captions on a color page of a skin magazine. Certainly, the people who presented Holmes-Ali on TV couldn't have cared at all about the workmanship they offered the poor stuffs who bought tickets. Kris Kristofferson, the Rhodes scholar, singer, actor, was enlisted as the expert analyst, and his devotion to the task was illustrated by the fact that he brought his young daughter along to sit on his lap. Kristofferson's main contribution was to keep invoking the memory of Ali's first fight with Sonny Liston until finally, in exasperation, his broadcast partner, one Bob Sheridan, said, "But that was 1963 (actually 1964), and this is 1980."

The audio was so dreadful it was only by chance that I heard that exchange. In fact, in the whole telecast, only one word was spoken clearly (and ever so often): Donking—all ways said that way, never just Don, never just King, but always Donking, until I thought it must be some Chinese municipality. For most of the fight the ubiquitous Donking also sat with the Kristoffersons, *père et fils*, and the silk-throated Mr. Sheridan, shrilly screaming puffery and clapping into his microphone at the expense of eardrums and taste. Donking was, of course, the promoter of the fight and the TV fight, and also cast himself as commentator, ring barker, benefactor of Nevada, the U.S. Olympic movement, the World Boxing Council and mankind, and the possessor of many other titles too numerous for Sheridan or himself to mention, although this is not to suggest that they ever stopped trying. This cockatoo of a man has the most inufferable ego since Idi Amin. Such are Donking's excesses that, by comparison, he makes boxing pretty and Las Vegas precious.

Donking's company's camerawork was uninspired. Replays revealed nothing new, perhaps because nothing much ever happened in the fight. Also, little illumination could be provided between rounds, because, despite the fact that theater spectators paid as much as \$30 a ticket, they were bombarded with commercials. Is there no shame or limit to the greed of these people? The next time I order a beer, I will well remember that Budweiser, Michelob and Natural Light took unfair advantage of me and the rest of a captive audience. Worse, the only background inter-

By the fifth round this rope-a-dope was utilized more to keep Ali spry than to wear Holmes down





Kris and Casey Kristofferson aided Bob Sheridan in his celebrity-spotting chores, which took precedence over what was going on in the ring.

view was shown precisely at that wonderful moment when the champion came down the aisle. The camera cut away to a toady of an interviewer posing puff questions to one of Donking's pals, José Salas, the head of the WBC, about how wonderful the WBC is.

Myself, I paid \$22 to watch on screens hoisted at the Bridgeport (Conn.) Jay Alai fronoon. This was an appropriate setting: P.T. Barnum was once the mayor of Bridgeport, and it surely was my fellow viewers and I that he must have been anticipating, when, long ago, he reflected on what happens every 60 seconds. The main screen, much too small for such a large hall, was without color until shortly before the title fight. When the color came in, it was washed-out and blurry. Many in the crowd abandoned their reserved seats and went out to the common areas normally used for betting, there to lie supine on the cold floor and watch the small TV sets usually employed for reflecting qanella odds.

Twenty-two bucks to lie on the floor and watch a distant overhead TV? Where is our meddling big-brother government when we need it?

The crowd, about 97% male, suffered its expensive travail politely. It was subdued throughout, only briefly animated when Ali put on a transparent tough-guy act before the opening bell. Thereafter the place became increasingly depressed. It was not that everyone was for Ali. Many had cheered the champion at the start. But then, nobody seemed anti-Ali, either. You can't be vociferously against a phenomenon. You can't be agueant Old Faithful or the swallows coming back to Capistrano. It wasn't even that it was such a rotten fight.

Of course, I don't know what the people

who were actually at the fight felt, because we were allowed no expression of that—no atmosphere, no sense of place or time. Less only than himself does Donking adore Names, and snapshots of those in his audience were all else we were treated to. Richard Crona? Leroy Nieman? Norm Crosby? "Just one more of the celebrities here at Caesars Palace!" Sheridan cried, again and again, beside himself. No, I only know of us watching through the miracle of closed circuit: we felt so exploited that Ali's pathetic effort seemed of a piece with the contemptuous television production.

You see, we wuz robbed. He didn't have



Even King cried at the result of his promotion.

to win. If the telecast, and he, could only have been honorable. If Ali could have gone out on his shield, like old Jersey Joe, old Joe Louis, even old mean Sonny. But cowering in the corner, like some ancient friar huddled over his beads—that took more of us. Always, this remarkable creature had represented both the innocence and the mischievousness of youth. Whomever he coned, even us, it was boyish fun. "When I tell you a mosquito cin pull a plow, don't ask how hutch him up!" Remember? And so, this one last time, we had adjoined the mosquito harness, willingly. That's a small price to stay young in Bridgeport, or anywhere. So many people fell for his promised final miracle because if Ali could at least stay in the swim, then we could pretend that a part of us remained evergreen too. What's left? Elvis dead, in the ground; the Beatles forever apart; the list of the Kennedy boys a reject, no more crew cuts making voyages to the moon—no more money for that; no more poetry for anything.

And there, on Donking's screen, goes Ali—cringing, targeted, looking every day of 38 years old. God forbid: middle-aged. The last of our illusions (pretensions?) destroyed. When the end came, it was as if a curtain had been drawn, the people in the fronton immediately rose, turned and stared filling out, with hardly a murmur, and certainly without ever looking back at the fuzzy screen.

It was almost eerie, the silent way in which the people left. Everyone knew Muhammad Ali had to go sometime, but not this way, not sitting down on a stool, not without dignity, not as a tacky evening's excuse for testimonials to beer and Donking. That made it harder still to go home and unleash the mosquitoes.

—FRANK DEFORD



THE FIGHT CONTINUED

blinking, he just stared, as if trying to make out a figure moving swiftly through a fog. The figure was Holmes, firing bursts: lefts through Ali's upheld hands, then thudding jabs down to the midsection. But after each brutal flurry, the champion would step back as though reluctant to go on battering this man who once was his idol and would not fall.

In the seventh, seemingly rejuvenated, Ali came out dancing, firing the jab, stirring hope in the hearts of the sentimental. But it was only the final gasp of a man who knows his difficult craft well but doesn't know how to surrender. Ali fired 18 straight jabs; the first 17 missed. He danced for a minute and 15 seconds and then almost fell from exhaustion. After that, Ali didn't throw a single meaningful punch. It was as close as Ali would come to winning a round.

After the eighth round Dundee warned Ali that if he didn't start fighting, the referee was going to soap it. In the ninth Holmes hit Ali with a quick, tight right hook and followed with a stunning right uppercut. Held up by the ropes, Ali turned his back on Holmes and, cower-

Even with his hands and legs feeling him, Ali used the most of his remaining weapon: his mouth.

In a nearly unbearable moment in the five ninth round a devastating right hook to the head caused Ali to turn and cover up in pain, but still he didn't drop.



ing, covered his eyes with his gloves. It was almost unbearable to watch.

The fight should have been stopped then. But when Green hesitated, Holmes moved in for the finish. With tremendous will Ali forced himself away from the ropes and—with the crowd imploring "A-l-i! A-l-i! A-l-i!"—survived the round.

Barely able to stagger back to his corner, with ugly bruises under both eyes, Ali slumped onto the stool. "This is your last round," Dundee told him. "One more round and then I'm going to stop it."

There was no response.

When the bell rang for the 10th, Ali forced himself to his feet and staggered forward. Holmes was on him quickly: four jabs, a right, a hook, two jabs, a hook to the kidneys, a three-punch combination almost too fast to follow, and then a barrage that probably would have destroyed half of the heavyweight division. Incredibly, Ali was still on his feet.

And then the fight started in Ali's corner. "That's it!" Dundee screamed at Green. "It's over." Bundini, tears streaming down his cheeks, clawed at Dundee's sweater and begged, "No, one more round, one more round."

"Take your goddam hands off me," Dundee snarled. "He can't take any more. He's defenseless. Get the hell away from me. I'm the boss here. It's over."

On his stool Ali lifted his head as though to protest, instead he slowly let his head fall. He said not a word.

The furor was over nothing. Green said later that if Dundee hadn't stopped it, he would have.

When he realized that the fight was over, Holmes, tears in his eyes, rushed across the ring and embraced Ali and kissed him on the cheek. "I love you," Holmes said. "I really respect you. I hope we'll always be friends. Your house or my house, if you ever need me for anything, just call and I'll be there."

Slowly they led Ali from the ring to a nearby trailer that had served as his dressing room. He said he just wanted to lie down for a moment. Then Kilroy ordered a limousine to drive the battered fighter the few hundred yards back to the hotel. Upstairs in his suite they asked him if he wanted to undress and take a shower.

continued



By the time Dr. Donald Romeo reached the ring, Dundee (left) had made the decision to stop it



Holmes was jubilant that he had done what he had not wanted to have to do in the ring. The next day, at a crowded press conference, the undefeated champion was gracious to the man who remains his idol.



THE FIGHT continued

"No," Ali said slowly. "I think I just want to lie down and rest for a little while."

Within half an hour, Holmes and his brother Jake came to the suite and went into the darkened bedroom.

"Are you O.K., champ?" Holmes asked. "I didn't want to hurt you."

"Then why did you?" Ali asked, laughing softly.

Holmes hesitated; then, "One thing is really bothering me. They say I thumbed you. The referee came over in the third round and said your corner said I was thumbing you. Now don't give me. Did I thumb you?"

"No," said Ali. "You didn't thumb me. I don't know why they said that I don't know. Larry, something was wrong with me. Either I was too old or I was too light."

"Both," said Holmes. "Now I want you to promise me one thing: that you will never fight again."

In the darkness Ali began the low chant that had been heard so often in the weeks preceding their bout: "I want Holmes. I want Holmes. I want Holmes."

"Oh, Lord," said Holmes, laughing. "Jake, let's get out of here."

Only a few hours later, at 4 a.m. Las Vegas time, Ali, his puffed and blackened eyes concealed by dark glasses, was up and being interviewed by David Hartman on *Good Morning America*. "Next I want to fight Mike Weaver, the WBA champion," Ali said.

Oh, Lord! World, let's get out of here.

PARKING LOT PAVED WITH GOLD

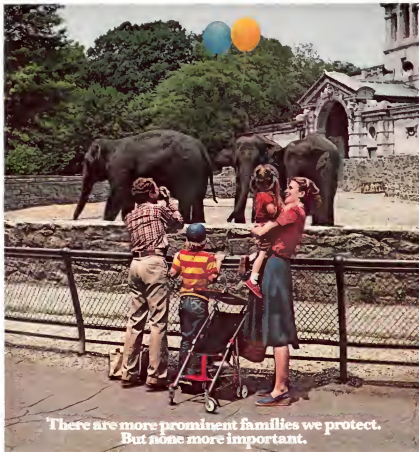
The fight had ended a couple of hours before, but already Larry Holmes and Muhammad Ali had gone their ways, mere bet players now. Holmes stood in front of Caesars Palace, wearing a blue blazer, and kissed a blonde at her request. "You want one, too?" he playfully asked another. In the hotel, Ali had already taken a painkiller and gone to sleep. In the casino at Caesars both men were as forgotten as the last roll of the dice.

For a kind of bedlam had descended over the casino. Around the craps tables, even at the \$100-minimum tables, prospective players stood six deep, filling the carpeted aisles waiting for openings. They gathered about the roulette and the blackjack tables, even at the

wheel of fortune. All eight of the baccarat tables were full, 20 big spenders betting the \$8,000 limit on every hand. And in the background, people stood cheek by jowl at the rattling, coin-spitting slot machines, chickchick-chickchickchick. Ali and Holmes had done their job. The action on the casino floor was heavy.

This was just the type of scene—a betting hall filled with gamblers—that Caesars Palace had counted on when it decided to ante up more than \$5 million to bring Holmes and Ali together in a jerry-built stadium in the middle of its parking lot. For years the center of boxing in America was New York, with Chicago as a satellite, but those days are gone.

In the last few years Las Vegas has emerged as big-time boxing's U.S. headquarters, and the scene in the casino after the fight helps explain why. Casinos are willing to pay inflated prices for fights, even taking a loss to stage a major championship, because they have a chance to recoup at the gaming tables. Most of the reasons that the fight game has moved to Vegas have to do with the bottom line. With the heightened interest of television in the sport, the networks have found this garish, isolated town to be an ideal setting for their telecasts. Because the televising of a fight generally involves blacking out the city where it takes place, networks are loath to broadcast one from a major market such as New York or Los Angeles. But they have no qualms about darkening this city of 176,600 in the middle of a desert. The Nevada State Athletic Commission also happens to be the most aggressive body of its type, with continued



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members traveling about the country to bring more and better fights—and hence more gamblers to see them. Finally, unlike New York State and New York City, neither Nevada nor Las Vegas taxes personal income, making the state attractive to fighters earning big purses.

So the sweet science has flourished here. And, almost to the exclusion of the other casinos, Caesars Palace has taken over the big fights. It has the money and the facilities, to be sure, but it also has Clifford Perlman, the chairman of the board of Caesars World, the Las Vegas casino's parent company (its holdings also include two other casino-hotels—one in Lake Tahoe, the other in Atlantic City). Perlman bought the casino in 1969, when it was a 600-room hotel without any sports facilities, for \$60 million. The 55-year-old businessman-lawyer, a onetime produce handler in his native Philadelphia, has since developed it into an 1,800-room complex with 12 tennis courts and an indoor sports pavilion that has been the setting for everything from gymnastic meets and Ping-Pong tournaments to karate competitions and boxing matches. In 1970, when Perlman started building tennis courts, "People thought I was crazy," he says. "This was a golf town then. The big thing was the Tournament of Champions." Perlman is an ardent tennis player himself—he often shows up at the office in shorts and gym shoes—and sensed a tennis boom was on the way. So he hired Pancho Gonzalez to run a tennis program and began sponsoring major matches, such as the Jimmy Connors-Rod Laver duel in 1975.

With the rise of boxing's popularity, especially after the U.S. Olympic boxing team attracted national attention at the 1976 Games, Perlman turned the pavilion over to boxing. Not that boxing was anything new to the town. In the 1960s, beginning when Benny Paret won the welterweight title from Don Jordan, a number of big-time fights were staged in Las Vegas. Gene Fulmer, Dick Tiger and Carlos Ortiz fought there, and Ali himself made four appearances, beating Floyd Patterson, Jerry Quarry, Joe Bugner and Ron Lyle. These were the days when the big fights were held not in a casino but in the Las Vegas Convention Center.

However, the days of fights in the Convention Center were not long for Caesars World. Deciding that it would be more profitable to hold matches at the hotel, where the customers would be but a few steps from the tables, and seeking television exposure to advertise the casino nationally, Perlman staged the George Foreman-Ron Lyle melee at Caesars on Feb. 24, 1976. By 1979 nine championship fights had been held there. Holmes knocked out Earnie Shavers at Caesars, and Sugar Ray Leonard won the welterweight title from Wilfredo Benitez at the casino.

What Perlman had done was make the ho-

tel a lucrative fight site. Promoter Bob Arum says the chief advantage of fighting there is Caesars' willingness to put up substantial money for the rights to the gate revenues. "They pay you a sum of money and they worry about the gate," says Arum. "It makes it easier for the promoter. It's as simple as that."

There was considerable worry among some Caesars' board members over committing almost \$5 million to bring Holmes-Ali to the hotel—fear that Ali might not train and that the fight wouldn't sell. Bob Halloran, the director of sports at Caesars, advised Perlman that he thought they could count on a \$3.5 million gate. Because it cost \$4 million to buy the rights to the live gate and about \$1 million to set up the stands in the parking lot, a deficit of about \$1.5 million was in prospect. And there were other risks, too. With high rollers playing at all the tables, over a short period of time the house could take a bath from the gambling. On top of the projected deficit, it was not, to some, an appealing prospect.

But in the end Caesars

took the gamble. Harry Waid, the chief operating officer of Caesars, sent invitations to 2,500 of Caesars' highest rollers. For the best customers there would be free rooms, food and beverages, and choice seats at the fight.

What ensued, Halloran said, more than justified the entire enterprise. Every seat was sold. The gate topped \$6 million, minus the estimated \$500,000 that the house gave away in complimentary tickets. At the first roll of the dice after the fight, the house was even. And the casino was filled for hours with gamblers, many of them betting the limit. There's been no word as to who came out ahead, the house or the rollers, but the odds were in Caesars' favor. —WILLIAM NACK

Having discovered that boxing can be as big a draw as Of Blue Eyes, Caesars Palace's Perlman anted up \$5 million for the bout. Part of that amount went into the building of a 24,790-seat temporary stadium in the parking lot.



HOCKEY/1980-81

JOHN A. ZIEGLER, JR.
PRESIDENT, THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE
NEW YORK, N.Y., AND MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Dear John: Smile, things can't get any worse. The summer was a disaster for the NHL. One moment you announced with great fanfare that a five-minute sudden-death overtime would be inaugurated to reduce the number of tie games this season; the next minute you mumbled there'd be no overtime because you had forgotten to clear it with the Players' Association. Score one big loss for the paying customers.

Then, after spending \$25,000 on a nine-month executive search, you thought you had finally found the right man to do the public-relations and marketing job the league needs so badly. How could you've known that the guy, who was working right there at Madison Square Garden all the time, would quit for a better job after his first day at the NHL?

And once again the league neatly stickhandled around the problem of violence. Despite what you think, those people who cheer hockey fights are not hockey fans; they're fight fans. Listen. The solution to on-ice violence is simple. The first time a player drops his gloves or swings his stick, kick him out of that game and the next five; also, don't allow teams to replace suspended players on their roster. For the second such incident, kick the player out of that game and the next 10. And when some cheap-shot goon KO's a clean superstar like Wayne Gretzky—as one Penguin did last season—or Mike Bossy or Marcel Dionne, kick the thug out of that game and suspend him for the next 10.

But enough of that, John.

You have been in office for more than three years, and I'm still waiting for you to exercise some leadership. In fact, everyone is waiting. Stop playing the role of a high-priced clerk for the Board of Governors. The NHL has a severe identity crisis, but it seems that you spend more time visiting the various hockey federations in Europe than you do playing activist president of your league. One NHL owner said to me, "Ziegler is more of a world traveler than Henry Kissinger ever was." John, the NHL's problems are not in Stockholm or Moscow; they're in 21 North American communities.

Another thing. No president of any league suffers more from a lack of professional counsel than you do. Not one person on your executive staff ever coached, managed or played in the NHL. You should immediately hire some respected "hockey person" with whom you can shoot the bull over

lunch or cocktails. Someone to explain to you what a Terry O'Reilly is, what a Guy Lafleur is, what a high stick is. When you hired Bobby Orr as a special assistant last year, I thought you might use him as a sounding board. Instead, you made Bobby a gofer, and now he wants out.

But enough of that, too.

To me, John, the real problem with your game today is that there are no rivalries. The NHL plays six months of meaningless regular-season games that serve only to decide which five of the 21 teams will not make the Stanley Cup playoffs. And the present NHL scheduling format—every team playing every other team four times—is a joke. What hockey needs is an immediate return to the pre-expansion days when rivalries made the game exciting. What generates rivalries? Fans knowing players, and fans disliking teams. Fans can't know players when they see them only twice a year; fans can't dislike teams when they do not know, or care, where Winnipeg is.

Here's what I suggest you do to revive—indeed, to save—the NHL. Realign the league for the 1981-82 season into three seven-team divisions. As indicated on the opposite page, one division would be composed of the seven Canadian clubs; the other two would be composed of the 14 U.S.-based teams. Each team would play 66 games within its division—11 against each rival—and one game against each of the other 14 teams. Total: 80 games, the same number teams play now. And to cut travel costs, have a visiting team play two games in, say, three nights against the same divisional rival. So Gretzky doesn't play in Washington one year. Big deal. Reggie Jackson has never played in Pittsburgh.

Now for the kicker. Only 12 teams—the top four finishers in each division—would qualify for the playoffs; a Stanley Cup berth should be a reward, not the complimentary pass it is now. Two best-of-seven series would be played in each division to determine the three divisional champions. At this point I suggest that you invite the European club champion to join those three NHL divisional winners in a showdown for the Cup.

John, the puck is on your stick. This time, please don't miss the net.

SINCERELY YOURS,



MARK MULVOY
Hockey Editor



1

2

BOSTON
CHICAGO
COLORADO
HARTFORD
LOS ANGELES
N.Y. ISLANDERS
N.Y. RANGERS

CALGARY
EDMONTON
MONTREAL
QUEBEC
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG

BUFFALO
DETROIT
MINNESOTA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
WASHINGTON

CONTINUED

HOCKEY/1980-81 continued

As the NHL unveils yet another 840-game preseason before the serious stuff begins in April, the Stanley Cup resides on Long Island, Don Cherry is perusing the "coach wanted" ads, and a new rule entitled "Fisticuffs" will attempt to stop the ice-boxing. Rule No. 54 states that when two players start duking it out, all other players must retreat to a designated neutral area away from the action. During exhibition games, though, no players bothered to look for those neutral zones. With that example in mind, we'll be anything but neutral in our analysis of the season ahead.

Three Coaches Who Could Be Fired by Christmas

1) Roger Neilson, Buffalo. Captain Video's boring technical and defensive approach to the game put the people of Toronto to sleep when he coached the Maple Leafs; now he replaces Scotty Bowman behind the Sabres' bench, with Bowman restricting his role to that of general manager. During training camp Neilson offered the Sabres at least four videotaped "courses," such as *Moving the Puck Out of Your Own End 101*. If Forward Danny Gare and Defenseman Jim Schoenfeld aren't TV freaks, Neilson will be in trouble.

2) Keith Magnuson, Chicago. Last spring Black Hawks Coach Eddie Johnston dismissed Assistant Coach Magnuson after Magnuson had sided with General Manager Bob Pulford in a debate over the merits of Goaltender Tony Esposito, a Johnston favorite. Then the



Black Hawks decided not to re-sign Johnston and hired Magnuson, a former Hawk defenseman who retired early last season, to replace him. If Magnuson can't keep Tony-O happy, forget it.

3) Fred Shero, New York Rangers. As the Rangers opened training camp, Shero told them, "Hello, my name is Fred Shero. Over the summer I took a course in communication. And I passed it." Freddy the Fog also publicly admitted he had a drinking problem last season. The Rangers have revamped their front-office staff, disposing of all of Shero's cronies. A bad start and Shero will be gone, too. Former Ranger star Rod Gilbert is in the wings at New Haven.

Statistics Aside, the Two Goaltenders You'd Give Anything to Have on Your Roster:

1) Mike Liut, St. Louis. Liut started 62 of the Blues' 80 games last season after joining them from the WHA; thanks largely to him, St. Louis was the NHL's most improved team, winning 34 games after only 18 victories the previous year. "Without Liut," says one NHL general manager, "St. Louis is nothing."

2) Tony Esposito, Chicago. Why the Black Hawks would

SCOUTING REPORTS

by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER WALSH

ever dream of doubting this man's performance ranks as No. 1 on any list of stupid questions

The Three Players You'd Want to Have the Puck on a Breakaway in Sudden-Death Overtime of the Seventh Game of the Stanley Cup Finals:

- 1) Guy Lafleur, Montreal. By a country mile. Cool-hand Guy—the best player in the game—makes more good moves than the seven Santini brothers put together.
- 2) Wayne Gretzky, Edmonton. He'll fake a forehand shot, fake a backhand shot, then neatly undress the goaltender and slide the puck into the open net.
- 3) Rick Middleton, Boston. As the puck enters the net, Middleton will be splattered against the goalpost.

The Two Most Overrated Players in the Game:

- 1) Gilbert Perreault, Buffalo. When the going gets tough, Perreault gets going—the other way. He's a center who can't make a good pass or orchestrate a play; his game is totally one-dimensional, consisting of weaving rink-long rushes that may be spectacular to watch but too often produce nothing except oohs and aaahs.
- 2) Barry Beck, New York Rangers. Shero practically mortgaged the franchise last November to acquire Beck from Colorado. Supposedly a muscle-flexing, puck-carrying defenseman, Beck rarely hit anybody and made no rink-long rushes that reminded people of Bobby Orr. Henry Howell, maybe, but definitely not Orr. Beck also suffers from a lack of quickness and mobility. Now he has got headaches, too. But the biggest migraine in New York belongs to those Ranger diehards who have gone 40 years without seeing their team win the Stanley Cup. Too bad, but the best advice for this season is to keep the aspirin at the ready.

The Most Underrated Player in the Game:

Denny Gare, Buffalo. Although he was a second-team All Star last season after scoring 56 goals, Gare is always on afterthought in a city that has had a long love affair with hotshots Perreault and Richard Martin. But Gare is the spunk, the guts, of the Sabres. He is also fearless.

The Worst Cheap-Shot Artist:

Ken (Rat) Linseman, Philadelphia. Don't ever turn your back on No. 14. His best move is the cross-check, followed closely by the trip from behind. He's also a loudmouth, but he rarely, if ever, backs up

his verbiage by dropping his gloves. He will be idle probably until Christmas because of a cracked tibia

The Two Most Important Acquisitions by Trade:

- 1) Mike Palmateer, Washington. If he keeps his head and reduces his popcorn intake, Palmateer could provide the Caps with their first taste of major-league goaltending. They need it. Washington is starting the seventh year of its Five-Year Plan, and the natives are restless.
- 2) Rogatien Vachon, Boston. A goaltending star in Montreal and L.A., but a dud the last two years in Detroit, Vachon, 35, will see less rubber in Boston. But there are questions about his vision and his reflexes.

Two Rookies Who Could Be Phenoms:

- 1) David Babych, Winnipeg. General Manager John Ferguson wisely is taking the Islanders' road to success. He rejected offers of big bucks and big-name players for the right to draft Babych, believing the defenseman will develop into at least a Denis Potvin.

continued



SCOUTING REPORTS continued

2) Doug Wickenheiser, Montreal. Les Canadiens desperately need sizable centers, and Wickenheiser, the No. 1 pick in the NHL draft, goes 6' and 200 pounds. With lucky Pierre Mondou oiling, Wickenheiser will have fast company in his debut; Coach Claude Ruel plans to have him center a line for Lefleur and Steve Shutt.

The Biggest Busts of 1979-80:

1) Rob Ramage, Colorado. Touted as the greatest teen-aged defenseman since Orr, No. 1 draft pick Ramage flopped with the Rockies as a rookie. Management says that deposed Coach Don Cherry destroyed Ramage's morale. Let's wait and see what happens to him under new Coach Billy MacMillan.

2) Tier: Barry Beck, Rangers, and Behn Wilson, Philadelphia. These two young defensemen missed the team bus too many nights.

Six Kids to Build a Franchise Around:

1) Goaltender—Liut, 24. He's dependable and good.

2) Defense—Babych, 19. Minnesota offered Winnipeg four regulars for him; Montreal bid three players who own Stanley Cup rings.

3) Defense—Ray Bourque, 19. Rookie of the Year and a first-team All Star last season, he's already Boston's main man.

4) Center—Gretzky, 19. Edmonton's one-man team; last season he was the league's MVP and also the winner of the Lady Byng Trophy for gentlemanly play.

5) Wing—Mike Foligno, 21. He scored 36 goals as a Detroit rookie in 1979-80. No telling how good he might be if the Wings had other good players to skate with him.

6) Wing—Ryan Walter, 22. Like all the Washington Caps, he has taken his lumps, but those days are over.

The Team with the Worst Fans:

New York Rangers. One can get higher than a kite just by breathing the air in Madison Square Garden. For \$5 any usher will permit you to sit in an aisle and obstruct the view of a season-ticket holder who's paying \$15 for his seat. But worst of all, the Garden regular invariably arrives eight minutes into the period, watches for four minutes and then returns to one of the building's watering spots until the eight-minute point of the next period.

The City with the Most Unique Fans:

Boston. Not only do Bruin fans know more about the



game than any other spectators in the U.S., they lend a humorous touch to the proceedings with their broad-A criticisms. Such as this comment: "Hey, Ciaahk, we named a town heah aftah you—Mahbulhead."

The Best Referees:

1) Andy van Hellemond. He is direct and decisive, but best of all, he refuses to let players delay games by peppering him with verbal gibberish between face-offs.

2) John McCauley. He seems detached, but he controls the action; the action does not control him.

The Worst Referees:

1) Tie among all the rest.

The Five Teams That Will Not Make the Playoffs:

1) Quebec. The league's worst-run organization, and the NHL's answer to the Ice Follies.

2) Winnipeg. Ferguson and Babych will have their day, but it won't come this season.

3) Vancouver. The Canucks are so short of quality

PREDICTIONS.**FINAL FOUR****STANLEY CUP CHAMPION***N.Y. Islanders**Islanders**Philadelphia**Boston**Minnesota*

players that General Manager Jake Milford recently offered another NHL team more than \$1 million for four of its excess skaters

4) Detroit. If the new coach, Terrible Ted Lindsay, would skate up and also lure Gordie Howe back into a Red Wings uniform, they could play on a line with Foligno.

5) St. Louis. Don't blame Luit.

The Eight Teams That Will Be Eliminated in Round 1:

1) Toronto. Those extraordinary players Darryl Sittler and Borge Salming deserve a better fate. If the Maple Leafs avoid the rebellion and chaos that have marked their recent seasons, give the Nobel Peace Prize to new Coach Joe Crozier. If not, impeach owner Harold Ballard.

2) Chicago. Nobody will know what happens to the Black Hawks in postseason action because no one will be able to afford the outrageous prices that Chicago traditionally charges for playoff tickets.

3) Washington. The young Caps will be so happy to make the playoffs for the first time that they will do a total El Foldo in three quick games.

4) Hartford. If the Whalers fail to sign 56-goal-scorer Bianne Stoughton, whose contract they botched up this summer, Mike Rogers—44 goals, 61 assists—will have to do it alone.

5) Edmonton. The Oilers' playoff opponent will assign all five skaters to shadow The Great Gretzky.

6) Pittsburgh. The Steelers never lose in the first round, but the Penguins usually do.

7) Los Angeles. Soaring champion Marcel Dionne has a new \$3.6 million contract, and Owner Jerry Buss is spending \$5.2 million to buy the mansion Pickfair, but talent—not money—wins the Stanley Cup.

8) Colorado. As the Rockies head home trailing their playoff rival two games to zip in the best-of-five series, they will be faced with rumors that the owners want to move the franchise to the New Jersey Meadowlands for the 1981-82 season. Give me Aspen or give me Vail, the Rockies will scream, but don't give me Hackensack.

Four Teams That Will Lose in the Quarterfinals:

1) Montreal. Paging Ken Dryden. Paging Jacques Lemare. Lafleur is the NHL's best forward, and Larry Robinson its best defenseman, but after that Les Canadiens are just ordinary. Paging Scotty Bowman.

2) Buffalo. Once again the Sabres' Don Edwards and Robert Sauvé will win the Vezina Trophy for yielding the

fewest goals, and once again Perreault will dazzle the less knowledgeable fans. But once again the Sabres' highlights film will not be titled: Road to the Stanley Cup.

3) New York Rangers. And so it will be 41 years without the Stanley Cup. Oh, well, the Ooo-La-La boys will still be able to get their tables up front at Elaine's.

4) Calgary. The Flames won only two of 17 playoff games in their eight seasons in Atlanta, but playing in the Canadian hinterlands means that Goalie Danny Bouchard and friends cannot hide after a poor effort.

The Two Teams That Will Not Make the Cup Finals.

1) Minnesota. Center Bobby Smith, Defenseman Craig Hartsburg and all the other members of General Manager Lou (Lou from the Soo) Nanne's Kiddie Korps must be patient. They are still a Drydenesque goaltender away.

2) Boston. On the eve of the Kentucky Derby, that noted horseman Coach Gerry Cheevers will resist all temptations to unretire and play goal in the semifinals. If Brad Park's ailing knees hold up, the Bruins could be the surprise team of the league. At long last they have a supply of youthful talent ready to replace ancient warriors such as Wayne Cashman and Jean Ratelle.

The Team That Will Lose in the Stanley Cup Finals.

Philadelphia. It's Game 7, sudden-death overtime, and Lemsenam is in the penalty box for cross-checking Bryan Trottier. The Philly penalty killers are weary; the Flyers have had 23 penalties called against them in this seventh game, which now is in its sixth hour. Bobby Clarke of Philadelphia shoots the puck the length of the ice and...

The Team That Will Win the Stanley Cup:

... the Islanders' Denis Potvin picks it up behind his own net. Potvin weaves out to his left and passes cross-ice to Mike Bossy, who fires the puck around the boards and into the corner, where Clark Gillies muscles Jimmy Watson out of the way and snaps it into the slot to Trottier. Before Clarke can say "Rats," Trottier rifles a forehand drive past Goaltender Pelle Lindbergh. The red light flashes on, champagne corks pop, and pandemonium reigns on Long Island for the second straight spring.

The First Words Out of the Mouths of the Losing Players in the Stanley Cup Final:

"If the referees hadn't called all those lousy penalties on us, we'd have beaten the Islanders in four straight."

A Team Unto Itself

Three Sutter brothers will be playing in the NHL this season, and there are three more on the way, including Brent, who may be the best of them

by E.M. SWIFT

A row of six grain elevators guards the railway line in Viking, Alberta. The visual impact is staggering: six towering verticals after a hundred miles of horizontals. Gray highway. Green farmland. Flat, blue sky. Viking, Alberta—the Crossroads Town with a Future.

Nine miles outside Viking a gravel road crosses Highway 14. Take a left there, cross the railroad tracks, and the first farm you'll pass is the Sutter place. You'll spot the big red barn first and then the tidy white farmhouse with the blue roof. A full 640-acre section—pigs, cattle, chickens, barley, wheat, bright yellow rapeseed, raspberries and a few cows.

Brian Sutter nods toward the driveway. "Going out to catch the school bus, we'd have had five fights by the time we'd get to the end of that lane," he says. "I can remember some good ones. No broken bones, but lots of bloody noses."

From the look on his face, these are pleasant memories. Brian, 23, is the acknowledged leader of the seven Sutter brothers, the first of them to make it to the NHL and the toughest of a notoriously tough lot. The Sutter boys. Or "those Sutters," as they say in Viking, with civic pride rather than jealousy or awe. Those Sutters stand out from their surroundings just as clearly as those grain elevators.





PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY HAYT

The seven Sutter boys are even more at home on the family farm in Alberta than on the rink. Clockwise from top left: Richard, Darryl, Brent, Ron, Gary (a coach, not a player), Duane and Brian

Aug. 2, 1980, the day of 22-year-old Darryl Sutter's wedding, was the first time in four years all seven boys would be together on the farm. Hockey does that to families, with schedules being played right through the holidays, and the Sutters are a hockey family. Brian, Darryl and Duane, 20, have NHL contracts; Gary, 25, is a Tier Two Junior coach in nearby Vegreville; Brent, 18, and the 16-year-old twins, Richard and Ron, play Tier One Major Junior hockey over in Lethbridge. There are no daughters. Grace, the boys' indefatigable mother, somehow has brought her sons up to be gentlemen. Off the ice, anyway. "You'd think with seven boys there'd be one bad apple," says a friend. "Still, sometimes I feel sorry for Grace. She can never sit down and talk about ... I don't know ... making a cake. It's always hockey, hockey."

Hockey has long lent itself to family acts. Five of the top seven goal scorers in NHL history—Gordie Howe, Phil Esposito, Bobby Hull, Maurice Richard and Frank Mahovlich—had brothers who played in the league; Howe even played on the same NHL team with his two sons. Hall of Fame brother pairs include Bun and Bill Cook and Doug and Max Bentley. Four Boucher siblings played in the NHL: Frank, George, Billy and Bob. Perhaps it is because kids' hockey, played on frozen ponds and sloughs, is a sport in which younger brothers are encouraged to come along. There are no left-out positions that are an embarrassment to play, as there are in baseball. Wheth-

continued

er one touches the puck or not, the simple act of skating is fun, exhilarating, worth the frustration of being stickhandled around. And there is the thrill of literally filling your brother's shoes—skates hand down very nicely—so that the younger sibling can say to himself, "Here he was; there I'll be," as he watches the progress of the elder.

But there are more tangible factors in this brother-act business, one of which is that the best way to get a good look from a scout is to be part of a proven bloodline. After Duane Sutter played a

major role in the New York Islanders' march to the Stanley Cup last spring, scoring a key goal in the final game, brother Brent became the Islanders' surprise first-round draft choice. "There's no question that we considered genes before selecting Brent," says Islander General Manager Bill Torrey. "The NHL's Central Scouting office didn't have him listed as first-round material. But with his family's competitive instincts, we thought we could take a chance."

Competitiveness is the dominant trait in the Sutter pedigree. Determination. It goes back at least as far as 1848, when a 44-year-old Swiss immigrant named John Augustus Sutter—great-great-uncle of the current crop—changed the course of U.S. history when gold was discovered at his sawmill. The California Gold Rush ensued. Sutter was eventually swindled out of his holdings and was bankrupt by 1852. But was he discouraged? No way. He moved to Pennsylvania, and until his death at the age of 77 he fought the government for compensation for his losses. "The Sutter trademark is hard work," says a former teammate of Brian's. "When you get knocked down you

get back up. And you don't back down from anybody."

A Sutter skates and works like a mule. He doesn't dazzle; he's not fluid or pretty to watch; his speed and shooting skills are, at best, average. But a Sutter is the type of player that NHL coaches are turning to more and more, the type referred to as "honest." A Sutter will take a hit instead of giving up the puck, and a Sutter will dig and check in the corners. Most important, a Sutter will do anything to win. Former Montreal goaltender Ken Dryden has characterized this "honesty" as the outstanding trait of North American players. He may lack the skating, shooting and passing sophistication of his European counterpart, but somehow he will find a way to win. Call it New World optimism. Work hard enough and you can do anything.

A half mile from the Sutter farmhouse, beyond the wheatfield, is the slough where the boys skated as kids. "After school in the winter, if there was a full moon, three guys would go shovel the ice while the other guys did the chores," Brian says. "In the summer we played in the loft in the barn. We only got to town once a week, so we didn't have anything else to do."

Breaking into the NHL was hardest for Brian. There was no legacy, no bloodline going for him. Louie Sutter, the boys' father, had boxed a few rounds, but he'd never skated. No one from Viking had ever made it to the NHL. Gary had played Tier Two hockey but didn't get beyond that. Brian almost didn't make it that far. "I couldn't skate. I couldn't shoot. All I knew how to do was work," he says. At first he was cut from the Red Deer Rustlers, the Tier Two team for which all the Sutters, except Gary, played. "The first thing Red Deer did when I made the team the next year was send me to the sporting-goods store to buy a new pair of skates," Brian recalls. "I'd never had a new pair. I walked in with my old pair of size 11s, and walked out with a pair of 7½s."

Small wonder his skating was mulish. He worked to improve it, but at the time he had no serious thought of a pro hockey career. Sure, he dreamed of one, but you don't count on dreams. He would be a farmer like his father and grandfather. "Brian, he's a good farmer," Louie Sutter says. "He should be a farmer instead of a hockey player. He likes it. He



Duane's goal against Philly in the final game of the Stanley Cup playoffs made him the toast of the town all summer; here the Islander holds a tall one with a Viking neighbor, Henry Halas



worked so hard when he was a kid that I felt sorry for him if he lost a calf and I'd give him one of mine. He always had a 100% calf crop; mine was about 80%." He stops here to smile. "That Brian, he's a pretty good businessman, too."

Brian's break came when he moved up to the Tier One team in Lethbridge, the Broncos, where he was put on a line with a young phenom who had already been drafted by the Islanders, Bryan Trottier. Sutter scored 90 points that year and proved he could complement a skilled centerman by digging the puck out of the corners and standing up to thugs—of which western Junior hockey has more than its share. The St. Louis Blues selected him in the second round, 20th overall, of the 1976 draft.

Brian quickly established himself as a tireless worker, but in his first 103 NHL games he scored only 13 goals. However, he never backed down from a scrap, and before long the wings covering him began to give him a little more room. In 1978-79 things began to click, and Brian pulled off an unusual double by leading the Blues in goals, with 41, and penalty minutes, with 165.

When Brian returned to St. Louis for the 1979-80 season, General Manager Emile Francis appointed him captain. "It affected my scoring for a while," says Sutter, whose goal production fell to 23. "I was trying to do too much at first."

Chicago routed the Blues in the first round of last spring's playoffs, a setback that still haunts Brian. He didn't score in the three games and lacked his usual intensity. "We used kind of a psychological ploy against Brian," says Eddie Johnston, who was the Black Hawks' coach last season and now has the same job with the Penguins. "Brian's their catalyst, and I wanted to do something to throw him off his game. When you're watching how your kid brother's doing, you're not keeping your mind on the game."

What Johnston did was this: he played Darryl, recently recalled from the Hawks' farm team in Moncton, New Brunswick, on a line against Brian's line. Darryl was superb, scoring three goals against St. Louis, including the series-winner in the third game. Brian was ineffective.

"I think it worked," says Johnston, who was a teammate and friend of Brian's for two years in St. Louis and knew how closely Brian looked after his brothers. Indeed, the only time Bri-



an spoke with Darryl all week occurred when they were scuffling for the puck along the boards. Both play left wing, and Darryl was out of position. "Get back on your wing," Brian whispered. That was all.

Because he hadn't yet got outstanding genetic credentials, which is to say that Brian hadn't yet had his 41-goal season, Darryl was only the 179th player selected in the '78 draft. He had been told he would go in the first three rounds, and he nearly quit hockey when he wasn't picked until the 11th. But he's a Sutter. So he went to Japan for a season and worked on his skating on the larger rinks there, getting four hours of ice time a day. When he returned, Chicago gave him a tryout with Moncton. "The Hawks were just so-so on him," says Johnston, then the Moncton coach. "I told them they'd better sign him because he was their best minor league prospect." Darryl got his contract, and last season he was the American Hockey League's Rookie of the Year. "This year you watch," Louie Sutter predicts confidently. "It'll be the Calder as Rookie of the Year in the NHL."

The center of the Sutter home, in practice and design, is the kitchen, which is Grace's turf. The morning of Darryl's marriage to Wanda Wemp it was a madhouse, with the twins being ordered by their brothers to rustle up breakfast while

Louie Sutter likes to joke that Chapman (center) is making "goons" of his youngest kids, Twin and Two—Richard (left) and Ron to the uninitiated.

Grace attempted to organize the day. Nicknames are almost an obsession in small Canadian towns, and to save everyone the trouble of looking for the small, hockey-related scars that differentiate Richard from Ron, each is simply called Twin, even by Grace. Duane is Dog, and Brent is Pukey—a moniker foisted on him in the first grade, when he would vomit daily on his way to school. Again, even Grace calls him that.

Everyone in the kitchen, except Grace, was a little flushed from a short game of street hockey that had been played in front of the barn. Brian had added a touch of authenticity to the proceedings by slashing Ron good-naturedly across the thumb. "Sorry, Twin," he said. Duane, who is more than a match for the 5'11", 180-pound Brian in size but still very much the younger brother in both their eyes, then gave up the "puck"—really a tennis ball—when Brian raised his stick and feigned a spear. The ball sat unattended as Brian waited for the next brave fool. There were no takers.

After the boys adjourned to the house, Brent sniffed at the cream for freshness. He's the equal of his older brothers in

continued

height but, at 18, he's still gangly. His upper body has yet to fill out. Sutters are late bloomers; even Duane is still wiry. It is generally felt that Brent has the tools to be the best of the brothers. Last season he was captain and MVP of the Red Deer Rustlers, the Tier Two national champions. He is a righthanded center and will play at least a year, maybe two, of Tier One hockey in Lethbridge before he makes a permanent step to the Islanders.

As his mother filled another creamer from the fresh jug in the refrigerator, Brent began telling about a bench-clearing brawl before the opening face-off at one of Red Deer's playoff games. "We had a big, tough, physical team," he was saying. "Never lost a fight all year. We killed them. I loved it."

"Of course you loved it," Grace told him. "That's what you live for."

Duane is the gentlest Sutter, his playing style to the contrary. Sitting down to a plateful of eggs, he decided he had heard enough of the toughness of the Red Deer Rustlers, whom the twins had also played for. "I got 225 minutes of penalties my last year in Red Deer, and I bet 200 of them were stepping in for Pukey," he said.

Brent was appalled. "That's bull, Dog."

"It's true, Pukey, and you know it."

What can one say in the face of such a lie? "You know how Dog got his name?" Brent finally blurted. "Brian beat

him up one time, and he went into his room howling and howling like a dog. Yip, yip, yip, all night."

"I'll drop you like a bad hammock," Duane answered.

Duane knows all about being dropped like a bad hammock. The first time he played against Brian in the NHL, Brian prodded him with his stick, called him gutless and finally cut him across the bridge of the nose when they were chasing a loose puck. To the amusement of the Islanders on the bench, Brian stopped to apologize. He is an aggressive player, not a mean one. But the lesson was clear: on the ice, you play for keeps. "Brian controls the younger ones," says a friend. "They're all scared to death of him."

If so, he's the only person who frightens Duane. The contributions he made to the Islanders last season couldn't be measured by his 15 goals and nine assists; Duane helped bring about a far more fundamental change by lending the team his peculiar knack of finding a way to win. "To me the Islanders never had a lot of heart before," says Brian. "Duane made guys like Clark Gillies and Bob Nystrom say to themselves, 'Hey, there's

a young guy doing it. Why can't we?'"

Duane went to the Islanders' '79 training camp with little chance of making the team. He was only 19, and the Islanders were fairly secure at his position, right wing. Still, Duane was determined to make an impression, and Brian had given him one piece of advice: never back down. "He promised that if I ever started getting beat up badly, someone would jump in and help me," Duane says.

Sure enough, in one early exhibition game, Dave Schultz, then with Buffalo, overwhelmed Duane in a fight. But in his next game, Duane made the kind of impression the Islanders liked, thumping Pat Hickey, then with the Rangers, in Madison Square Garden, the very place where the Islanders had been ousted from the playoffs four months before. "It's scary," said Islander Assistant Coach Billy MacMillan, now the head coach at Colorado, "but we're going to have to look for leadership from a 19-year-old kid."

"Sutter adds spark," Torrey says. "He's not going to win any Sonja Henie awards for skating, but from point A to point B, he gets there. And I like his intelligence with the puck. He won't throw it away."

To understand how the Sutters play, one must also understand how John Chapman, Duane's former coach at Red Deer, coaches. He is a short, stocky, Teddy-bear-faced man whom Louie Sutter introduces as the man who is "making goons out of my kids just as fast as he can—he only had Brian for one All-Star game and Brian got into four fights, and the kids get worse as they get younger." Chapman coached Brent and the twins at Red Deer; this season he will coach all three at Lethbridge.

Teddy-bear looks aside, Chapman is a brawler. He'll find a way to beat you. People who have never played hockey wonder whether the fights are real, why they happen, and why they can't be legislated out of the game. The simple truth is that they can; it's not fighting that the players enjoy, but winning. Intimidation is a way to win—like tight forechecking, like good goaltending. It's a tool, and as long as it is accepted as part of the game, good coaches and good teams will have it in their arsenal. Chapman has it in his, and he tells a recruiting story on himself that pretty much sums up his philosophy, one he has passed along to all the Sutters.



Derryl's marriage to Wendy Wemp prompted a Sutter family reunion and gave Brent time to check the condition of the heaters.

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THE SUTTERS *continued*

Chapman visited a prospect at the boy's home to try to persuade the kid to play for Red Deer instead of one of the other teams in the area. The young man had been approached by several other coaches. "Tell me something," the boy asked, "are you a goon coach?"

"What do you mean by that?" Chapman asked, surprised.

"Let me put it this way," said the boy, who was big and strong. "If a coach ever told me to go out on the ice and fight some guy, I'd throw my gloves down and never play for him again."

Chapman nodded, and then he stood up. "Son, you go play wherever you want," he said. "You're the kind of guy I'd rather have playing against me than playing for me." Then he left.

Chapman would rather have the Sutters playing for him. Last season Red Deer was 49-9-2 in the regular season, during which the Rustlers set team scoring and penalty records and participated in six bench-clearing brawls. It's a rough league. They breezed through the playoffs to the Centennial Cup by winning 29 of 32 postseason games. Before the season they were asked by the owner of the team how they wanted to be paid—by the week, by the game, or by the month. "Chappy said the hell with that," says Richie. "He said we'd get \$14 for a win, nothing for a loss or tie. It turned out we made more money that way."

And the coach—you see?—got him-

Did Louie Sutter, the daddy of the clan, ever say to his wife Grace "Mama, don't let your babies grow up to be hockey players"? No way

self another little edge.

Both Ron, who's a center, and Richie, who's a wing, have rangy builds—adolescent, really—so it's difficult to imagine either of them gooning it up. They're boyish and unfailingly polite, and they neither drink nor smoke. But they're Sutters and, already, will do anything to win. Especially Richie. "He's going to be a helluva pro," says Chapman. "He's got jam. He's the

toughest of them all for his age." One time last season Richie challenged the entire Calgary bench during warmups, calling the opposing players spoiled rich kids and other, less tactful things. Bill White, the gentlemanly former NHL defenseman, was the Calgary coach, and Chapman recalls that White kept looking over at him to stop the harangue. Finally, White took matters into his own hands, saying to Richie, "Hold on now, son, just settle down."

"And as for you, Coach," Richie said to White in a respectful tone. "You can go..."

The aforementioned brawl during the warmups before the Centennial Cup playoff game was also the result of verbal instigation on Richie's part. "Chappy told me to stick my head in the other team's room before the game and say something," he says. "We were playing Prince Edward Island, so I called them a bunch of fishermen. I said they'd be back tending their nets in the morning."

Playing under Chapman is no great lesson in sportsmanship, but Junior hockey in Canada is very much a business. The point is, you learn how to win. "You talk about leadership," Chapman says with unbridled admiration. "One time between periods I asked Richie if he had anything to say. He's 16, right? He stood up and talked for 15 minutes. Finally he gets around to our goaltender, who's 6'3", and says, 'Bledsoe, you've played like horsebleep all week.' The goalie just says, 'You're right, Richie,' all sheepish. Oh, Richie's a leader."

Louie Sutter is 49, a sinewy man with a hard, farmer's body. He drinks hard and plays hard, and he's a good farmer for many of the same reasons his sons are good hockey players. There's a singleness of purpose about his work. He knows, literally, that he can reap only what he sows, so last year, with Duane's Islanders one game away from clinching the Stanley Cup, Louie refused to be talked into staying on and took a plane from New York back to Edmonton. It was time to plant the oats. "That was more important to him than the Stanley Cup," Torrey says. "You can see where the sons get that... well, whatever you want to call it."

Leo Kelly, owner of the Viking hardware store, remembers the grandfather, too. Old Charles Sutter, who was also a good farmer, if poor. "Anybody who raised 13 children in the dirty '30s had to be pretty good," Kelly says. Kelly recalls that when Charles was in his 60s he knocked out a man half his age for offending him in a bar. And Kelly remembers when Joe Sutter, one of Louie's brothers, challenged the boxing champ from another town. Folks in Viking put their money on Joe, and in the weeks before the fight they would stop over at the farm to make sure Joe was getting in shape. "Sure, I'm getting in shape," Joe would say, and to prove it he'd jump into the pigpen and start whaling on the pigs.

"Well, the night of the fight the other guy decks Joe in the first round," says Kelly. "He's lying there, out, and old Charles goes over and shouts, 'Get up, Joe! Get up!' Joe crawls around trying to get up, he looks like a spider. But he gets up and finishes that fight. He lost, but he finished." Kelly pauses. "You've got to understand the determination," he says—and one sees that it's very important to him that one does, because the Sutters are very much Viking's own. "They're all the same. They get that from being a Sutter."

"I've got one boy who could've played in the NHL like nothing. When he was young, well, he was so far ahead of any of them..." It's the dream of almost every Canadian father to have a son in the NHL, and here's a family that may soon have six. "He could've played in that league like nothing," Kelly concludes, "but he hasn't got any Sutter in him."



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Two upsetting experiences

Saturday was a nightmare for Ohio State and Nebraska, the nation's second- and third-ranked teams, the Buckeyes losing to UCLA, the Huskers to Florida State

The fans lingering in Section 16A were flabbergasted. Just minutes before, right there at Ohio Stadium in Columbus, UCLA's underdog Bruins had finished chewing up Ohio State's No. 2-ranked Buckeyes 17-0. Now, barreling up toward the spectators from the playing field, two rows of seats at a time, flanked by a pair of huge cops in orange rain slickers, came Terry Donahue, the UCLA coach. A gray-haired, fiftyish woman flinched and retreated behind a friend. "What's he up to?" she squealed.

"Got to find my wife," Donahue shouted to her. Then, arriving at the side of a petite brunette, he lifted her off her feet with a great big hug. Gently, he set her down and then dashed back toward the field. As Andrea Donahue turned away, she wiped a tear from her cheek.

Emotional outbursts are unusual for Terry Donahue, but then, lately, so are big victories. Four years ago Donahue was a hotshot 32-year-old rookie coach with a 9-2 record and the world on a string. Last December he was a 5-6 coach who had guided UCLA to its poorest season since 1971. Then things got worse. Four players who were supposed to be back this season were cut for disciplinary reasons. Eight others dropped out of football because of academic shortcomings. Of the 12, six were starters.

Worse still, five of Donahue's assistants moved on. One was Bobby Field, Donahue's outside linebacker coach and best friend. Field quit to do landscaping near Dallas mainly because the thrill was gone. It was going fast for Donahue, too. The wolves were howling for his hide. Often he would find a page missing from his newspaper. That was because Andrea took to removing criticism of Terry rather than letting him read it. As time wore on, there were more and more missing pages. Donahue says now that he thought about Field a lot. Coaching is terminal, anyway. There are two kinds of coaches, he says, those who have been fired and those who will be. But it was in the darkest moment that Andrea revived him. "You're enduring your players," she said.

"Give it one more go. But enjoy them."

Enjoyment was just what Donahue and the Bruins experienced in the weeks before coming to Columbus. Using a retooled offense that had UCLA throwing 17.3 passes a game, more than double what it attempted in 1979, the Bruins had gone 3-0, with lopsided wins over Colorado (56-14), Purdue (23-14) and Wisconsin (35-0). New Offensive Coordinator Homer Smith, who has written four volumes about football offense, had put together a new UCLA playbook, which features a zoom receiver, no-huddle series and a tight end in the backfield. In Cormac Carney, a transfer from Air Force, Smith had a receiver Bruin fans

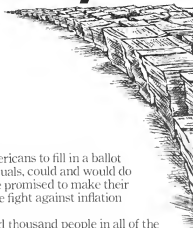
rank with wonderful Wally Henry, UCLA's 1975 Rose Bowl MVP and currently a Philadelphia Eagle. And sophomore Quarterback Tom Ramsey not only had completed 55.9% of his passes, but had also been compared by Donahue to Jeff Dankworth, UCLA's last true passing threat. Not that Donahue figured Ohio State's being a 10-point favorite was unreasonable. "We haven't been tested by a quality team yet," he said the night before the game. "And, you know, this was our first week in class. The players were getting books and changing classes. We had to work out in pads and shorts two days instead of just one. I'd call our practice workmanlike. Heck, we

continued

Ohio State's Schlichter learned it's tough to pass with a mountain named Elman on your back



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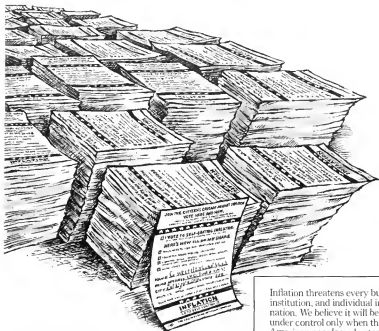
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Ohio State also came into the game with a 3-0 record, but, beyond that, the Buckeyes had realistic designs on a national title. Many experts considered this Ohio State team superior to the 1979 squad that won 11 consecutive games and lost the Rose Bowl by a single point to a killer USC team. With reason. Ohio State's flashy defense had blanketed Syracuse for a half and shut out Minnesota altogether, and its offense was in overdrive, averaging better than six yards a play. On Friday night Donahue allowed as how he had no hope of controlling Art Schlichter, the Buckeyes' gifted quarterback. All Schlichter had done the week before, against Arizona State, was complete 14 of 19 passes, three for touchdowns, to raise his career total to 22, an Ohio State record. And Donahue was concerned, too, about Buckeye Tailback Cal Murray who—remarkably—was averaging 7.4 yards a carry. "I can see them blowing us out," Donahue said. "But I can't see it the other way around."

However, while football's glamour is in the backfield, the game is usually decided in the boiler room, the front lines. This one certainly was. For example, on offense Bruin Center Dan Dufour, guards Larry Lee and John Tautolo and tackles Gregg Christiansen and Luis Sharpe so abused Ohio State's 5-2 defense that UCLA kept the ball for 11:17 of the game's opening 15 minutes. On defense, the Bruins dominated even more. When it mattered, Murray couldn't move on the ground simply because he couldn't carry the ball and UCLA's lrv Eatman at the same time. Eatman, a 6' 7", 261-pound tackle, was named the game's outstanding player for helping out on or making 10 tackles, four of them for losses totaling 19 yards.

Eatman lives in Dayton, Ohio, and last summer he was constantly badgered about the Buckeyes' 17-13 victory over the Bruins a year earlier, in which the winning touchdown was scored with 42 seconds remaining. "I don't want to hear again I should have gone to Ohio State," he said. "I decided long ago that I was going to play the best game of my life here today. No one was going to stop

me. And you know what? No one did."

Certainly not Schlichter, who completed just five of 12 passes for 59 yards. He also was sacked on half a dozen plays, chased out of the pocket more often than that and intercepted once. After Tackle Mike Barbee dropped him for an 11-yard loss early in the fourth quarter, Schlichter left the game for good. To his sorry states, add a mild concussion. In all, UCLA held Ohio State to 230 yards of offense, 236 below its average. "I didn't ever expect to see that in Ohio Stadium," said Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce.

An early clue to the upset came in the second quarter, with UCLA leading 3-0 on a 27-yard field goal by Norm Johnson. Ohio State drove—from its 24-yard line to first-and-goal on the UCLA nine. Schlichter rolled left and threw to his favorite receiver, Doug Donley, in the end zone. Except, who should step in front of Donley but Strong Safety Tom Sullivan, who turned, grinned and made perhaps the simplest interception of his career. Up in the coaches' box, UCLA Defensive Coordinator Ed Hughes shook his head in disbelief. "I don't know why Art threw it," he said later. "Donley wasn't even visible out there behind Sullivan."

So Ohio State, which looked as if it would make the score 7-3 at the half, or at worst go to the locker room tied at 3-3, was still trailing 3-0. And the storm hadn't yet begun. On its first possession of the second half, UCLA marched 56 yards in nine plays for a touchdown. In the drive, the Bruins gambled on fourth-and-one at Ohio State's 36, but Quarterback Tom Ramsey's sneak over center easily gained two yards and a first down. On the next play Ramsey hit Flanker JoJo Townsell for 23 yards on an out pattern, then hit Townsell again, cutting across the middle, for the score.

Not long after, Ramsey directed another Bruin touchdown drive, this one consisting of 11 plays for 65 yards. The last five came on two blasts by Tailback Freeman McNeil, who was to end the day with 118 yards in 31 carries for his third consecutive 100-yard performance this season and 11th in the last 13 games. That made it 17-0, and although there were 17 minutes to play, Ohio State was beaten.

But Kenny Easley, UCLA's All-America safety, was still smoldering over last year's final-minute loss to Ohio State. Af-

ter that game Murray and other Buckeye players had told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter that the Bruins were soft, that by the second quarter they were "sucking it up." Last Friday Donahue passed out photocopies of the article. Most UCLA players accepted it as a typical coach's play. Easley, however, considered it reason to get steamed. And he got even steamer after fumbling a punt on the Bruins' 27 in the fourth quarter.

In the ensuing series, Bob Atha, Ohio State's No. 2 quarterback, hit Murray with a screen pass. Easley tackled Murray out of bounds at the UCLA 12, and they began to scuffle. As Easley was being restrained he accidentally bumped a photographer who pushed him back. Easley turned and hit him in the face, drawing blood. Easley was ejected from the game. Not that it helped Ohio State. Four plays later, from the four, Atha lobbed a pass to Donley, who was alone in a corner of the end zone. But before the ball could get to Donley, Cornerback Lupe Sanchez ran it down and batted it away. It was the Buckeyes' last gasp.

Afterward, Easley was still fuming. He refused to discuss the sideline incident. The newspaper article continued to get his goat. "Ask Murray who was sucking it up this time," he shouted. "He ran the ball hard for four plays, and after that he was tiptoeing to the line of scrimmage. He didn't even want the ball. I'm hot. I'm glad we stomped their butts in their own stadium."

Meanwhile, Donahue, his jaunt in Section 16A over, finally arrived in the Bruin dressing room, where he encountered chaos. Inside, Linebacker Arthur Akers was kicking the daylight out of a plastic garbage can and screaming, "Buck-eye! Buck-eye!" Most of the other Bruins were dancing, clapping and singing to a very loud tape recording of a number by the rock group Queen. The song is about a woman who, as Eatman describes it, "keeps dogging out all her men." He also says that it's UCLA's theme song. So that Stanford, UCLA's opposition this Saturday, and the Bruins' six other remaining opponents get the message, here are the lyrics:

Another one bites the dust

And another one goes

And another one goes

Another one bites the dust

Hey! I'm gonna get you, too.

In the back of the room Donahue endured it. Make that enjoyed it.

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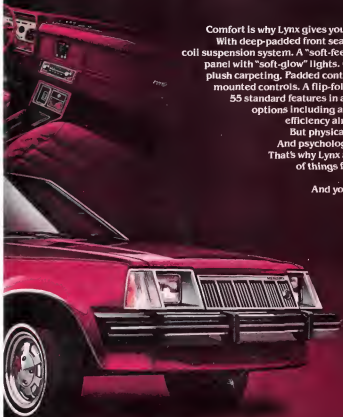
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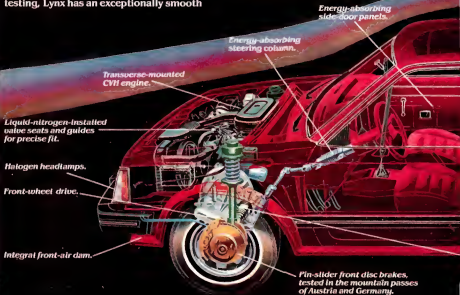
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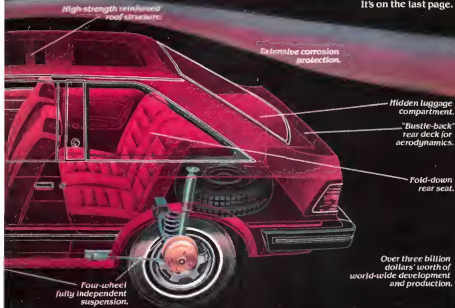
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continued

Swift kick in the aspirations

by Joe Marshall



Seemingly alone against the Husker horde, State's Capece prepares for one of four field goals.

The name of the game is, after all, football. Isn't it ironic then that the least-appreciated facet of the sport is the art of putting foot to leather? Those Heisman types run with it and throw it and catch it. But kick it? Perish the thought. Yet last Saturday, before a capacity crowd of 76,152 in Lincoln's Memorial Stadium, it was Florida State's two kickers, Robb Stark and Bill Capece, who stole the show from Nebraska's Heisman candidate, Running Back Jarvis Redwine. When it was all over, the Seminoles had booted the Cornhuskers—who had come into the game with a No. 3 ranking—out of the unbeaten ranks, 18-14, and given a swift kick to Nebraska's dreams of a national championship.

Stark, a junior from Fifty Lakes, Minn. (pop.: 150), kept the Big Red offense bottled up all day long, with seven punts that averaged 48.4 yards. Only three were returned, and those for a grand total of two yards. Capece was at least as spectacular. Only one of his six kickoffs was returned—from five yards deep in the end zone to the 12. More important, he booted field goals of 32, 27, 40 and 41 yards without a miss to account for two-thirds of his team's points.

All week Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne had been telling anyone who would listen that the kicking game could play a crucial role against Florida State. He cited Stark's 46.2 average, third best in the nation, and the fact that Capece had made five of six field-goal attempts, the only miss being a 52-yarder. "Our kicking game," he added, "is just average." No one paid any attention, of course.

And why should anyone? In three games Nebraska had looked like the collegiate equivalent of the Steelers while

crushing Utah, Iowa and Penn State by a combined score of 133-16. For a while last Saturday, the Cornhuskers looked as if they might do the same to the 3-1 Seminoles, who arrived in Lincoln as the 16th-ranked team in the nation. Florida State was undefeated in the regular season last year and lost only to Nebraska's Big Eight rival, Oklahoma, 24-7 in the Orange Bowl. After three impressive wins, the Seminoles were upset two weeks ago by Miami of Florida, 10-9, but in those four games their defense had allowed just one touchdown, which was largely the result of a 49-yard pass-interference penalty. Against that defense Nebraska marched 80 yards to a touchdown in the first quarter and 80 yards to another TD midway through the second for a 14-0 lead. Both scores came on passes from Quarterback Jeff Quinn to walk-on Split End Todd Brown.

Meanwhile, the Nebraska defense was blitzing the Seminoles silly. After 21 plays, Florida State's total yardage was minus seven. Near the end of the half, the Seminoles finally put together a drive that led to Capece's first field goal, the 32-yarder, but at 14-3 the game seemed to be no contest.

The first-half score would have been worse had it not been for Stark's booming punts, which outgained the Nebraska offense 235 yards to 208. Redwine, with 91 yards, was rolling to another big day. And from Columbus came word that UCLA had taken a 17-0 lead over No. 2-

ranked Ohio State. For Cornhusker fans happy days were here again.

Then, all of a sudden, Nebraska began methodically giving the game away. On the Big Red's first possession of the second half, Cornhusker Punter Scott Gemar dropped a perfect snap. Florida State took over at the Nebraska 17-yard line, and four plays later Capece's 27-yarder made the score 14-6.

On Nebraska's next series, Quinn's pass for Craig Johnson on the right sideline was intercepted on the Florida State 45 by Free Safety Keith Jones. This time Florida State moved the ball. To neutralize the blitzing Cornhuskers, Quarterback Rick Stockstill began sprinting to the outside, where he had the option of throwing or running. He completed two passes for 18 yards and ran once for eight more as the Seminoles moved 47 yards for a touchdown. Tailback Sam Platt going the final six, to make it 14-12. Coach Bobby Bowden called for a two-point play, but Stockstill's pass for Phil Williams was high.

No matter, Nebraska gave the ball right back. This time Redwine, running around the right end, fumbled at his 34-yard line. Florida State made one first down before stalling, and it was Capece time again. "When I go out on the field, I look at that goalpost and tell myself, 'That goalpost is mine,'" he says. "In this business you have to think positively all the time." He positively drilled this one from 40 yards out, and with 1:17 left in the

continued



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third quarter Florida State led 15-14.

Capece, whose father, Vince, is a scout for the California Angels, went to high school with Miami Dolphin Coach Don Shula's son Dave and has spent the last five summers working on his kicking in the Dolphins' camp. Positive thinking was one of the lessons taught him by Garo Yepremian. At 5'7", 170 pounds, Capece isn't any bigger than Yepremian, but he has a powerful leg, as his kickoffs against Nebraska proved. Two days before the game he booted a 62-yard field goal in a live practice. After three seasons of backing up the Seminoles' career scoring leader, Dave Cappelletti, Capece is determined to make a name for himself as a senior so he can get a chance to fulfill his dream of kicking in the pros. If nothing else, his name is not likely to be forgotten in Nebraska.

The Cornhuskers finally showed some life as the fourth quarter got under way. On Florida State's next possession the Big Red pushed the Seminoles all the way back to their own seven-yard line and Stark was brought on to punt into the wind. Nebraska seemed certain to get possession in Florida State territory. Stark usually holds the ball so that when he punts it the tips point diagonally toward the sidelines, thus getting more height, but against the wind he points one tip straight downfield and tries for a tight, driving spiral. He smacked this punt 58 yards, all the way to the Nebraska 35-yard line, and the Cornhuskers' Dave Liegl lost another yard trying to return it. Deflated, Nebraska failed to move the ball, and on the ensuing exchange of punts Stark pushed the Cornhuskers even farther back with a 46-yarder.

A 6' 3" 195-pounder, Stark presents a sharp contrast to Capece, his constant companion on the practice field, roommate on the road and backup as punter. Stark is a decathlete for the Florida State track team, with a best performance of 7,083 points. He has high-jumped 6' 10" and pole-vaulted 15' 6" and may delay a pro football career to train for the 1984 Olympics. He is also a student pilot and has thought of following in the steps of his father, Donald, a TWA captain.

Later in the fourth quarter Stockstill got the roll-out working again and engineered a 56-yard drive that ended in Capece's 41-yarder. That made the score 18-14 with 2:37 to play and left Nebraska with one last chance. The Cornhuskers' desperate push to remain undefeated

turned Memorial Stadium into a madhouse. In the middle of that drive Redwine banged up the middle for the last four of his 145 yards on the day and was himself banged up. Wobbling badly, he was helped off the field, not to return. (As it turned out, Redwine had a cracked rib and will be unable to play for two to three weeks.) Still, the Cornhuskers plowed on, reaching Florida State's three-yard line. There, on second down, with 17 seconds to play, Quinn rolled left, searching the end zone for a receiver. Linebacker Paul Piurowski, who had already made 11 individual tackles, charged. Quinn raised his arm to throw just as Piurowski grabbed him from behind by the collar of his shoulder pads, pulling him backward to the ground. The ball rolled free, stopping within inches of Quinn's outstretched fingertips. Held in Piurowski's grasp, he lay like a man in a nightmare, seeing the ball but unable to reach it. Florida State's Garry Futch covered the fumble and Nebraska's last hope died.

Shortly, a disconsolate Quinn replayed those last agonizing seconds. "It would be nice to have that play back," he said. "I guess I blew a chance in a million."

And, maybe, a national championship.

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST "I've been learning to play the piano," Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz said early in the week. "It's obvious from the way the team is playing that I should've been studying game films." Holtz clearly tended to his duties in preparing the Razorbacks to face TCU. Result: the Arkansas offense, which had been playing at a lull, struck up an allegro beat in a 44-7 defeat of Texas Christian. "We tried to be a power team out of the I and we can't be," Holtz explained. "So we mixed in the option plays with traps and finesse." The Razorbacks amassed 610 yards in total offense and got four touchdown runs from Darryl Bowles.

Texas A&M, which had suffered deflating defeats at the hands of Georgia and Penn State, also made some offensive changes and, like Arkansas, built a 31-0 lead. The catalyst was Quarterback David Bral, a senior making his first start. Best passed for 129 yards and scored on runs of 20, nine, 25 and 32 yards during a 41-21 drubbing of Texas Tech. Senior Safety Leandrew Brown also excelled,

stealing three passes and recovering a fumble.

Texas continued to roll, taking a 35-7 lead over Rice and coasting to a 41-28 victory. Not even five turnovers and 134 yards in penalties could halt the Longhorns, who got a team-record 306 yards passing and 84 yards rushing from Donnie Little.

Jay Jeffrey of Baylor was another versatile quarterback; he passed for 146 yards and ran for 85 more. Helping Jeffrey out during a 24-12 defeat of Houston was Linebacker Doak Field, who deflected a Cougar field-goal try, intercepted a pass, pounced on a fumble and took part in 17 tackles.

TEXAS (4-0)
ARKANSAS (3-1) SMU (4-0)

MIDWEST Since Warren Powers became the Missouri coach in 1977, the Tigers have had the seven largest crowds in their history. Also, they've lost on each occasion. Last week, before the latest record-breaking crowd, of 75,298, the Tigers seemed poised to end their jinx. But ninth-ranked Missouri, which led 21-16 at halftime, lost to Penn State 29-21. Herb Wenhardt put the Nittany Lions ahead 22-21 with two field goals following interceptions by Defensive Back Paul Lanford. And a 43-yard scoring gallop by Penn State's Todd Blackledge sent the big crowd home discouraged.

Colorado lost to Oklahoma by the staggering score of 82-42. A parcel of NCAA marks were established in the game: 875 yards in total offense and 758 yards rushing by the Sooners, most points by both teams in a game (124) and most touchdowns by both teams (18). Oklahoma's David Overstreet rambled for 258 yards on 18 carries, Sooner George (Bauer) Rhymes scored four TDs, and Jerome Ledbetter of OU returned a kickoff 99 yards for a touchdown. Darrell Shepard, a backup quarterback for the Sooners, carried only three times and scored on runs of 64 and 89 yards. The Buffalo diabolists took some solace from a 100-yard kickoff return by Walter Stanley that cut Oklahoma's advantage to 14-7. After Stanley's de-luge.

Another Rocky Mountain team lost by an even wider margin, Colorado State going down 69-0 at Iowa State. The Cyclones, the Big Eight's only team without a setback, ran for a school-record 449 yards.

Irish eyes were smiling after Phil Carter and Harry Oliver rallied Notre Dame from a 9-0 deficit to a 26-21 triumph in Michigan State. Slashing runs by Carter set up one field goal by Oliver, who added another to put the Spartan lead to 9-6 at the half. Carter then scored on a 12-yard spurt and set up another touchdown with a 53-yard dash, and Oliver added two fourth-period field goals.

Big Ten teams won four other home games against outsiders. "I will not have a passing team," said Michigan Coach Bo Schemmeler, having gone that route while losing the

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past two games. So the Wolverines went back to grid-it-out tactics and slugged their way for 388 yards on the ground in beating winless California 38-13. Lawrence Rocks blasted for 184 of those yards. For naught were the labors of Cal's Rich Campbell, who was on target with all 15 of his second-half passes and finished with 22 of 34 for 249 yards.

Purdue Coach Jim Young was also upset with his team's passing and decided to bench Mark Herrmann after Herrmann was intercepted for the third time in the second period by Miami of Ohio. But when the Boiler-makers got the ball back with 2:21 left in the half, Young reversed himself. In went Herrmann, who wound up with three scoring passes and 291 yards as he hit on 21 of 39 attempts. And Purdue wound up on top 28-3.

Wisconsin defeated San Diego State 35-12, and Indiana beat Duke 31-21 as Lonnie Johnson tied a team record by rushing for 211 yards. Big Ten losers were Iowa, which was knocked off by Arizona 5-3, and Illinois, a 21-21 victim of Mississippi State. In the lone conference game, Minnesota drubbed Northwestern 49-21.

NOTRE DAME (3-0)

OHIO STATE (2-1) NEBRASKA (3-1)

EAST

While Maryland Quarterbacks Mike Tice and Bob Milkovich were being sacked seven times for minus 46 yards by Pitt defenders, Panther Quarterback Dan Marino encountered no such interruptions. He completed 16 of 34 passes for 282 yards and found his wide receivers for three touchdowns. Freshman Dwight Collins teamed up with Marino on scoring plays of 51 and 35 yards, and Willie Collier pulled down a 17-yarder. All of that, plus a Pitt defense that yielded a net of 22 yards rushing, earned the Panthers to a 38-9 victory.

By converting three of Virginia's six second-half turnovers into touchdowns, West Virginia overcame a 21-9 halftime deficit and won 45-21.

With ace runner Joe Morris out with a shoulder injury, Syracuse knew it would have to be extra careful against Kansas. Nonetheless, the Orangemen coughed up two fumbles and had four passes picked off, enabling the Jayhawks to win for the first time, 23-8. Kansas apparently was helped, too, by Coach Don Fambrough's decision to "strip the offense of all the fills and cut out more than half the plays." Freshman Kervon Bell responded with 143 yards rushing.

Boston College tarnished its reputation by losing 21-0 to Navy, but the Ivy League gained prestige by defeating the other two service academies. Harvard capitalized on six turnovers to beat Army 15-10 in the first meeting between the teams since 1951. And Yale, playing a team from west of the Mississippi for the first time since 1922, held off Air Force 17-16 as Rich Dunn ran for 136

yards. Two Ivies lost non-league games, Cornell being ripped by Rutgers 44-3 and Dartmouth falling to Holy Cross 17-6. In conference play, Penn defeated Columbia 24-13 and Brown beat Princeton 28-11.

PITT (4-0)

PENN STATE (3-1) RUTGERS (4-0)

SOUTH

The most significant stat at the end of the Kentucky-Alabama game was not 409, the yards the Tide ran for; or 21, the points it scored in a two-minute-and-20-second fourth-quarter spree; or 45, Alabama's total points against the Wildcats, who were shut out. No, the big number was 300, as in victories for "Bama's Bear Bryant, now in his 16th season of coaching. Only two men have done better: Glenn (Pop) Warner, with 313, and Amos Alonzo Stagg, with 314. Bryant said, "There's no way to compare me or anybody else to Stagg. He was the Huck Finn of football. He didn't have a staff and he didn't recruit. He went on pines and sang with his players. That's great. His wife even helped him coach."

Tennessee State's John Merritt was exactly 100 victories behind Bryant following a 35-18 triumph over Long Beach State.

Louisiana State dropped the opening kickoff, messed up its first three snaps and fumbled a not-so-grand total of 12 times. That should have made it a cinch for Florida to remain undefeated. The Tigers, however, pulled off a 24-7 SEC shocker by recovering seven of their own bobbles and getting 148 yards rushing from Jesse Myles.

Auburn clobbered Richmond 55-16, as its James Brooks, who had been hampered by a sprained ankle in earlier outings, ripped off 204 yards.

Three teams from South Carolina came out on top. Clemson fans took to heart complaints by Coach Danny Ford about their lack of fan. Most of the 62,500 fans at the game against Virginia Tech wore something orange, and they raised such a din that visiting Quarterback Steve Cascarino had to request quiet 13 times. Those raucous rosters may well have deserved some credit for the Tigers' 13-10 triumph. That's because on Casey's last plea for quiet, which came on fourth down inside the Clemson one, a Tech linebacker moved and the Hokies were penalized five yards. As a result, they canceled the play from scrimmage they had called and settled for a field goal.

University of South Carolina runners gained 322 yards during a 30-10 victory over North Carolina State, which had given up an average of 67.7 yards on the ground in three previous contests. George Rogers of the Gamecocks had his 15th consecutive 100-yard performance, grinding out 193 yards. South Carolina State, ranked third in Division I-AA, beat Alcorn State 33-0.

The Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech did little ramblin' (29 yards on the ground

and 87 through the air) and was left a 33-0 wreck by North Carolina. When Kelvin Bryant wasn't tearing through Tech defenders for 112 yards, Amos Lawrence was picking up 102 and Rod Elkins was passing for 201.

On Tulane's first play against Southern Methodist, Nickie Hall and Marcus Anderson collaborated on a school-record 84-yard scoring pass. And Hall kept bombing away, hitting on 22 of 42 for 347 yards. It wasn't enough. Five times the lead changed hands, with the Mustangs winning 31-21 as Mike Ford passed for two TDs and ran for another.

ALABAMA (4-0)

MIAMI (4-0) NORTH CAROLINA (4-0)

WEST

"That kid didn't show much sympathy for his daddy," said San Jose State Coach Jack Elway of his son John, who quarterbacked Stanford to a 35-21 win. But Jack Elway smiled as he spoke, unable to conceal pride in his offspring's 19-for-25 passing that was good for 164 yards.

Arizona State nearly overcame a big deficit at Southern Cal. After trailing 20-7 at the intermission, the Sun Devils trimmed the margin to 23-21 as Willie Gittens broke loose for a 59-yard scoring run and Mike Pigeot passed 14 yards to Ron Wetzel for a touchdown on fourth-and-two. That, however, was as close as they got. Scott Lewis' try for a 72-yard field goal falling far short as the final

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Phil Carter, a 5' 10", 193-pound sophomore halfback, came within one yard of the Notre Dame single-game rushing record as he gained 254 yards on 40 carries to help the Irish whip Michigan State 26-21.

DEFENSE: Paul Plurowski, Florida State's 6' 3", 222-pound senior linebacker, was in on 22 tackles and sacked Nebraska Quarterback Jeff Quinn on the game's final play as the Seminoles pulled off a stunning 18-14 upset.

gun sounded. The Trojans, whose last loss was in 1978 to Arizona State, extended their unbeaten string to 24 games. USC was led by the passing of Gordon Adams (20 of 29 for 226 yards), the running of Marcus Allen (132 yards) and three field goals by Eric Hipps.

One team whose rally didn't fall short was Pacific, a 24-22 surprise winner at Washington State. With 1:09 left and the Cougars leading 22-21, the Tigers got the ball on their own 19. With the aid of a 20-yard Graydon Rogers-to-Rainey Meszaros pass on fourth-and-13, Pacific swept downfield and pulled the game out on Jeff Council's 29-yard goal in the final three seconds.

USC (4-0)

UCLA (4-0) STANFORD (4-1)

Bert Jones sat on the Baltimore bench during the first half of the Colts' game with Miami in the Orange Bowl last Sunday and watched Bob Griese go to work for the Dolphins. Jones had had a big first quarter, zinging rockets through an injury-depleted Miami secondary, but now in the second quarter it was Griese's turn, and as a 10-3 Colt lead turned into 17-10 Miami, Jones could only sit and watch.

"What is Griese, 35 years old now?" Jones said after the game, which the Colts

went on to win 30-17. "You know, watching him work like that in the second quarter... well, you're dying to get back in there, but just watching that guy... he was really something. I've always held him on kind of a pedestal anyway. Today he went right out and knew what he had to do. He ran a short-passing, ball-control offense, and he kept our defense on the field and his defense off it. Hey, it was almost 100' on the floor of the Orange Bowl today."

The Colts and the Dolphins are both 3-2 now and chasing 5-0 Buffalo, the NFL's only unbeaten team, and 4-1 New England in the AFC East. They both show offenses in which the passing carries the running, and both can play de-

It is Friday, and Griese sits by the Dolphins' practice field, stares up into the cloudy Miami sky and talks of what brought Ponce de León to Florida more than 400 years ago. "I'm not as young as I used to be," Griese says. "My arm's not as strong as it used to be." He pauses for emphasis. "But I know when to drill the ball and when I don't have to. I know how to slow down a pass rush with fire-out blocking and draws. I know how to attack a defense."

It's an odd feeling, listening as the man Miami owner Joe Robbie once called "the cornerstone of our franchise" justifies his existence, but these are strange times for the Dolphins. It's five weeks into the season, and Coach Don Shula finds himself with a pitching staff made up entirely of relievers.

The starting Miami quarterback has yet to be the finishing quarterback. In a 17-7 loss to Buffalo in the opener, Griese was relieved by Don Strock, the seven-year veteran. Then came three victories—Strock getting the win over Cincinnati in relief of Griese, Griese relieving Strock to beat Atlanta, Griese relieving David Woodley, the rookie from LSU, to beat New Orleans. In the loss to the Colts, the Dolphins came close to getting a complete game, but with 43 seconds left, Woodley relieved Griese, who had banged up a shoulder.

Griese stepped into the Dolphins' lineup 13 years ago, a deft little scambler from Purdue, and for a dozen seasons the Dolphins didn't worry much about the quarterback position. "In the early days I was operating behind the kind of line an expansion team usually puts together," he says. "I was throwing 30 to 40 passes every week and running for my life. It wasn't the ideal way to break in, but you pick up survival tricks, like the head bob and play fakes and little things to keep the pass rush off you. It's like working with mirrors, though. Sooner or later the percentages catch up with you, and you just have to have the weapons."

Griese never let his ego interfere with the game plan. Ten passes a game or 30, it made no difference to him. One afternoon—it was at the end of the '73 season,

Miami's three quarterbacks seem to work best coming out of the bullpen, so Don Shula is acting like Captain Hook

Their game is musical QBs



Griese displayed only flashes of his old wizardry against the Colts.

fense on occasion, but not consistently. Quarterbacking is a different story. Jones, mature in his eighth year in the NFL, has picked up the knack of sensing where the trouble is coming from, of taking those quick and instinctive steps to buy time for his receivers. And when things are shut down he can scamper, as he did for nine yards for the touchdown that put Sunday's game away in the fourth quarter.

Griese sets up in the pocket and takes some tough hits, but he is no longer nimble. If things aren't going right, if he doesn't feel comfortable back there, his bull will do tricks. Another difference: the Colts have one quarterback. No one other than Jones has thrown a pass for them this year. The Dolphins are still trying to find their No. 1.

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the Dolphins' second vicious Super Bowl year—Griese threw four touchdown passes in the first half against Detroit, and after the game, when the reporters asked him what's with all the air power, he gave them that bland look of his and said, "It was time to polish up our passing game for the playoffs."

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No more. For Griese, the travails started in the third game last year when he pulled a hamstring against the Vikings. He played in the weeks that followed, but he wasn't right. He wasn't setting up properly; he didn't seem to get enough arm into the ball. The Dolphins lost four of their next eight games and finally, despite many misgivings, Shula made a move he thought he'd never have to make. He benched Griese for the first time and started Strock.

"I'll never forget Bob's first day on the practice field as a second-string quarterback," Shula says. "Seeing him not lined up with the first unit—it was a strange and depressing sight. It was a kind of makeshift unit he was running, too, a tight end playing split receiver, that kind of thing. He didn't say a word. He just made his calls and acted like nothing had changed. He prepared himself just like he was going to start."

Two weeks later Griese came off the bench, completed eight of 10 passes and

led the Dolphins to a come-from-behind win over New England, a victory that gave Miami firm control of the AFC East. Shula announced that Griese was once again his quarterback. And he was—right until that strange relief-pitcher syndrome surfaced this season.

"It just seems that whoever starts has trouble, and whoever comes off the bench gets the job done," Shula says. "I started Strock against Atlanta because he'd done it in relief the week before. I started Woodley against the Saints in the Orange Bowl because it was a hot, brutal day, our offensive line still wasn't settled, and it looked like the quarterback would have to move around out there. A 35-year-old quarterback like Griese would have trouble scrambling. A young kid like Woodley, well, . . ."

"I wish I had the answer. You play with all sorts of ideas, a rotation system, a shuttle. Maybe at 35 Bob is capable of 30 great minutes of football but not 60."

Meanwhile, Dolphin fans have been going through a case of the "We want . . ." When Griese is in there, they yell, "We want Strock!" When Strock is in, they yell, "We want Woodley!" And when Woodley is in, all they want is greatness.

David Woodley, dark-haired, good-looking, not quite 22 years old, 6' 2" and mobile, an eighth-round surprise in the draft, the 13th quarterback picked. But he exploded like a rocket in the preseason and showed such promise that Shula

traded away another young prospect, Guy Benjamin, to New Orleans.

"Starting ahead of Bob Griese, well, it kind of embarrassed me," Woodley says. "I found out one thing, though, that it's a lot different playing in the regular season. In an exhibition game you see one, maybe two defenses. Everything isn't in yet. Once the season starts though, you get the full treatment."

At LSU Woodley got caught in Charlie McClendon's familiar two-quarterback shuffle, something that even the likes of Bert Jones was subject to. Woodley shared the work with Steve Ensminger, who came from Baton Rouge. "I started every game but four in my last two years," Woodley says, "but when I came here, people were saying I didn't even start in college. They made it sound like I came from a lagoon somewhere."

Strock is caught in the middle. His big plus is his cannon of an arm. His big minus is that in seven years he hasn't been able to take command of the position. He is easygoing and affable, a pleasant man in the midst of a dilemma. "All I know is that we're groping," he says. "We're trying to find out what it is we do so wrong in the first half and so right in the fourth quarter."

But Strock has also quietly indicated that he'd prefer to perform elsewhere. He is playing out his option for the second straight season; he has taken the mandatory 10% salary increase each time. "I'm not thinking about my personal situation right now," he says, "but after the season I'm going to give it some deep thought."

Griese has maintained his usual unflappability, a serenity that Shula finds "incredible . . . there's absolutely no one else like him."

"I never let ego get in the way of my work before, and I won't now," Griese says. "I understand the situation. If you're having trouble with your pass blocking, you want a scrambler in there, a guy who won't get the sack. If you're behind and you have to come back and score quickly, you want Strock in there, a stronger arm. I'm not going to rock the boat, but I'm not going to lose confidence in myself, either."

"You have to be realistic. If I go in and the offense doesn't work, if Strock goes in and the offense doesn't work, and if Woodley goes in and the offense doesn't work, then you've got to wonder. Maybe it's not the quarterback."

END



The laughing was all over for Strock, Shula, Griese and Woodley when the Colts came to Miami.



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O.K., one more time

Alan Jones reasserted his right to the driving championship at Watkins Glen



The major decision had already been reached. A week earlier, on the quick, if kinky, streets of Montreal's Ile Notre Dame circuit, 33-year-old Alan Jones of Australia had locked up the tightly contested 1980 World Driving Championship with a controversial, anticlimactic victory in the Canadian Grand Prix. Despite the fact that Didier Pironi of France whipped his Ligier across the finish line ahead of Jones' white-and-green Williams, the plump and plucky Australian got both the win and the nine points he needed to take the title.

Pironi was penalized a lap for jumping the restart of the race after a first-lap seven-car pileup following the initial green light. Jones' only remaining rival for the championship, Nelson Piquet of Brazil, driving a Brabham, led for most of the first third of the race, and for a while it looked as if the championship

wouldn't be decided until the Grand Prix circus arrived at Watkins Glen, N.Y. for the 14th and final race of the long season. But it was not to be. Piquet was motoring along nicely, on a straightaway and free of traffic, when his Cosworth V-8 went kerpow on the 22nd of 70 laps. With the Pirelli penalty, Jones was home free, though the nature of the win made it less than satisfying.

Still, there was plenty of suspense, of a quite ominous nature, left over for Watkins Glen.

First was the perennial question of whether or not this would be the last Grand Prix go-around at the venerable (some might say decaying) rural road-course. After last year's event, which was memorable mostly because of the constant rain, the Fédération Internationale Sportive d'Automobile, which controls Formula 1 racing, changed the traditional Glen date from the first weekend in Oc-

tober to mid-April (a time when the course would most likely still be covered with snow). That notion was dropped and the fall date was restored, but only on condition that the often penurious Glen management repave nine very rough stretches of the 3.377-mile circuit. After a summer of Perils-of-Pauline searching for the money to make the demanded fixes, this was duly done, along with other alterations costing \$200,000, and last month the Glen was given a passing grade.

But when the cars got out on the track late last week for their first practice sessions for Sunday's race, it quickly became clear that the patchwork had only made things worse. "It's like driving a go-kart out there," complained reigning World Champion Jody Scheckter after pitting his Ferrari. "The joints between the old surface and the new are very, very rough. The ground-effects design of these cars causes them literally to stick to the track through corners. But with these bumps, we're getting unstuck in the most embarrassing and potentially murderous places."

The swift South African had already announced his intention to retire at the end of this season, though he is only 30 years old and could have a long and lucrative career ahead of him. "I've attained my goal," he said. "I won the championship and I know I could keep on winning. So I'm getting out while I'm still in one piece. Seven men—friends of mine—have died in the seven years I've been racing. Ronnie Peterson's death in 1978 and Patrick Depailler's this summer at Hockenheim were the most significant to me because we all grew up in the sport together. I have a wife and two children now, though I hope that isn't my whole reason for retiring. It's the danger. These cars are so incredibly fast that the slightest error can spell finished. Just take a look at the qualifying times here this year. The track, because of that patching, is a good two seconds slower than last year. But the cars are three or four seconds faster than they were. If the track were smooth, all 24 cars could beat the old qualifying record."

The surprise pole sitter at the Glen turned out to be Italy's Bruno Giacomelli, behind the wheel of an Alfa Romeo. Jock O'Malley (as his Team McLaren pals dubbed him when he drove a few races for that marque in 1977-78) pulled a jack-rabbit 1:33.29 lap out of the hat late Saturday afternoon, beating Jones' qualifying record by two seconds. The new champ could qualify only fifth fastest, behind Giacomelli, Piquet, Carlos Reutemann (in a second Williams car) and Elio de Angelis in a Lotus. The speed and handling of the pole-winning Alfa must have pleased Lotus driver Mario Andretti. Since his world championship in 1978, Andretti has had miserable luck and poorly prepared machinery and there is little doubt that he will move to Team Alfa next year.

Despite the fast qualifying speeds, the future of the Glen as a Grand Prix venue remained very shaky. "What a dreadful place this is," said Tyler Alexander, the Team McLaren crew chief and a longtime veteran of the road-racing wars. "There's only a few toilets in the whole place, and they're pestholes. Not a decent meal to be had within an hour's drive. It's always cold, muddy, remote and dull, dull, dull." But another veteran insider compared the change in attitude of Grand Prix teams toward the Glen to that of major league ballplayers. "Twenty-five years ago," he said, "baseball players were content to take trains and buses around the sticks and play in parks little better than cow pastures. Now it's big bucks, private jets, super-track stadiums and massive media exposure. Drivers are the same. They've grown used to convenience, comfort and attention. The Glen has none of that, and what's worse, it's damned dangerous. Not just on the track, but off it as well, with the Bog People and their bus-burning mentality."

In defense of the Glen, a major effort has been made to eliminate The Bog, a swampy area on the final turn before the start/finish straight, and its interpenetrating residents (dope-smoking, beer-guzzling college kids, mainly)—but, ironically, that may destroy the main source of the track's audience. Indeed, while no cars or buses were set afire this year, the crowd was only half the size of the usual turnout. In Scheckter's words, that alone could spell finished for the Glen.

The other main area of racing contention and suspense in the pits was the ongoing battle between FISA and the Formula 1 Constructors' Association, headed by Team Brabham Manager Bernie Ecclestone. The two groups are fighting for nothing less than total control of Grand Prix racing. "We have no choice but to pull out of FISA and set up our own racing series," Ecclestone said. He is planning a four-race series in North America, and though he coyly refused to name venues, it seems certain that Montreal (which teams and drivers love) and Long Beach, Calif. would be two. Another possibility is Chicago; Mayor Jane Byrne last week announced a CART and Can Am road race for next July 4 along Lake Shore Drive and adjacent streets. Urban road racing is the hot item for the '80s, and it would surprise no one in motor sports to see a Grand Prix scheduled as well for Atlantic City or Las Vegas, where even a small crowd might pay for the race through its gambling.

If Ecclestone's group indeed splits from FISA, the big factory teams—Ferrari, Renault and Alfa Romeo—wouldn't join the revolt. Much of the international reputation of the latter two derives from success in rallying, and since FISA still maintains firm control of that phase of the sport, they couldn't afford to go along with FOCA. But Ecclestone could certainly count on taking at least 14 cars with him, including those driven by Jones and Piquet—enough to organize a convincing Grand Prix series.

Still, despite the sparse crowd and the gloomy questions regarding the future of both the Glen and Formula 1 racing, the race proved to be an exciting one, thanks to Jones and, ironically enough, Andretti. At the drop of the green flag, Jock O'Malley leaped into a clear lead through The 90—the course's first and slowest corner—but the next few cars skidded wide onto the grassy left-hand verge. One of them was Jones' Williams. The brief excursion into the greenery cost him dearly, and he began the long haul from 12th place.

By the second lap, Jones showed his stuff—moving up to 10th, and by the 11th of the race's 59 laps he was into the points—sixth place. Along the way he was breaking Jean-Pierre Jarier's 1978 race-lap record nearly every time around,

lowering it finally to 1:34.068, by more than five seconds. Clearly, the lumpiness of the track had little effect on the Saudi Airlines-sponsored car. (Then again, as Jones boasted, the team's budget for this season was \$7 million—half the price of many major league baseball teams.)

Piquet lay second to Giacomelli for most of the early going, but on the 25th lap he hit some grass spewed up by the earlier skids in The 90 and spun off the course, finished for the day and the season. Two laps later Jones was in third, then past teammate Reutemann into second place. Still, Giacomelli held a commanding lead.

But it couldn't last. On the 31st lap—just past the halfway point—an electrical cable pulled loose in the Alfa Romeo, and Jock O'Malley coasted to a stop back in The Loop in the far end of the circuit. Moving through the speed trap at 170.6 mph, Jones took the lead and held it.

Meanwhile, Andretti was in seventh, tailgating John Watson's McLaren, looking for his first championship point in 16 races. Then Watson pitted. Yet the suspense wasn't over. René Arnoux, in a yellow-and-white turbocharged Renault, skipped past Andretti and eased him out of the points once more. Or so it seemed. But the Arnoux car was running with damaged skirts, the result of that same opening-lap spin-out that had penalized Jones. He couldn't maintain down-force through the corners, and Andretti drove by him with only two laps to go. The crowd roared, though rather feebly.

When the checkered flag fell, Jones had removed any doubt about the validity of his championship. He had come from near the back of the field with a magnificently staged charge, using his openings wisely and never taxing his machine to the breaking point. Andretti had finished his Lotus-land stint with a face-saving point and could look ahead to a good season next year in the quick Alfa.

And Scheckter's Ferrari pit had won his festive air of the day he had won his championship last season. Mechanics greeted his arrival with magnums of gushing champagne, though he had finished only 11th and out of the points. The bubbly splashed under his open visor and glistened on his grinning jaws. He had gotten out alive, and ahead of the game.

One hopes the same can be said next year for Watkins Glen.

END

There was never any doubt



Life was a real burden for Vinson until Monday

Well, at least not in the last game, when Houston came back from three straight losses to win the NL West in a playoff

playoff. The Dodgers had looked as if they would overturn odds greater than any since the Light Brigade closed ranks at Balaklava. But their number was up. They did it before, but they couldn't do it again, and the Astros—the perennially downtrodden Astros, the Astros who had been threatening to blow the works—won the first division crown in their 19-year history. For the Dodgers, it was their fourth loss in five regular-season playoffs for a league or division title.

The Astros won this playoff game with ridiculous ease behind the almost immaculate six-hit pitching of Joe Niekro, a 20-game winner for the second season in a row. Niekro gave the Dodgers one run; his team got him seven—two in the first inning when the Dodgers committed two errors, two in the third when five straight Astros hit safely and three in the fourth when nine men came to bat. Actually, Art Howe would have been enough. The Astro first baseman drove in four runs with three hits, including a third-inning homer. The Dodgers, who tried six pitchers in the hopeless cause, were lucky the score was not more humiliating. In their defense, they were playing without Third Baseman Ron Cey, a hero in two of the four climactic games. Cey had fouled a pitch off his ankle the previous evening and was on the bench. But on this long day, it is questionable if any of the L.A. sluggers could have dented the dancing Niekro knuckleball.

"I went into this game knowing we couldn't lose," said the Houston ace. "We'd had three tough, tight games and we came here to back this one out the hard way. We had to win it." They did. But what a time they had doing it.

The Dodgers forced the playoff with an extraordinary 4-3 come-from-behind victory on Sunday before a nearly hysterical crowd of 52,339. The Astros, struggling to regain their composure after the successive defeats, attained a 3-0 lead in the first four innings. They were, in a sense, fighting for time, because their starting pitcher, Vern Ruhle, winner of three straight, had torn the index finger of his pitching hand on a dugout nail two days before. The injured digit had been stitched together, but Ruhle and the Astros knew it could tear at any moment. It did, in the third inning, after Ruhle's second pitch to Dodger Relief Pitcher Bobby Castillo Joaquin Andujar replaced him and survived the inning without incident. But the Dodgers nicked him for a run in the fifth when Davey Lopes singled home Derrel Thomas.

In the seventh, with the mighty crowd exhorting them, the Dodgers rallied for another run, driven in by Manny Mota, the first-base coach/pinch hitter extraordinaire. Mota's liner to right, which scored Pedro Guerrero, was his 150th career pinch hit, a major league record. He had left the coaching box at the start of the inning and was replaced by Pitcher Don Sutton, who himself would figure in the final heroics. Mota returned to the box waving his cap to the fans.

Steve Garvey led off the eighth with a tricky bounce to third, which Enos Cabell couldn't control. Cey then worked Astro Reliever Frank LaCorte to a 3-2 count. After fouling off three pitches, and recovering his ankle injury, Cey drove a fastball over the 385-foot sign in left centerfield for what proved to be the game-winning homer.

In the Astros' ninth, Dodger Reliever Steve Howe gave up hits to Pinch Hitter Gary Woods and Cabell. Terry Puhl's force-out erased Woods, but Cabell's hit advanced Puhl to third and Manager Tom Lasorda came for Howe. Lasorda's choice was, of all people, Sutton, who had been recommended for the job by the injured Reggie Smith. "I asked Don in the dugout if he was ready," said Smith. "When he said he was, I told Tommy to use him." Sutton ended the game

continued



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by inducing Denny Walling to ground out to second.

The tension throughout the series was palpable, even, as Jerry Reuss suggested, audible and visible. "You could hear it," the Dodger lefty said. "I loved it. I even stopped to take a look at it. I wanted to share the experience with the fans." The fans' support was so thunderous that they became a sort of 10th Dodger on the field. And as they usually are in Dodger Stadium, all the crowds were huge—49,642 and 46,085 for the first two games. The team had attracted more than three million fans for the second time in its Los Angeles history, but unlike more complacent assemblages of the past, the fans last weekend were tension-racked, howling mobs. After all, this seemed certain to be a last hurrah of their own, because the Dodgers' 3-2 loss to the Giants on Thursday had dropped them three games behind the Astros with three to play. A sweep would force a deciding fourth game. Anything less than that would mean extinction. "No one can beat us four in a row," the Astros' Joe Morgan had said. "I mean no one."

The Dodgers were willing to give it a try. Over the door of their clubhouse was posted this stern admonition: FOR THOSE

WHO DON'T THINK WE CAN WIN FOUR IN A ROW, DO US A FAVOR. DON'T GET DRESSED! Everyone was properly attired Friday night, but with the score 2-1 against them in the ninth they seemed to be outfitted for a funeral—their own. However, the fans wouldn't permit any dirges. They were on their feet at the start of the inning, cheering on behalf of an apparently hopeless cause.

It worked. With one out, Astro Second Baseman Rafael Landestoy booted a double-play grounder. Then, with two away, Cey, fighting off the effects of a pulled hamstring, singled off Ken Forsch to score pinch runner Rudy Law with the tying run. Forsch threw just one pitch in the 10th, a high slider that Joe Ferguson belted into the pavilion seats in leftfield for the game-winning home run. Ferguson tossed his batting helmet into the air before he reached third, and he threw his arms open wide in the manner of a track man breasting the tape as he headed home. He was lost there in a tangle of laughing, cheering, crying teammates. "This was the most emotional game I've ever been involved in," said Ferguson. And it was only the beginning. The Dodgers would have to do it all over again the next day.

They seemed remarkably at ease before the Saturday game. There was no white-knuckled tension, only the usual clubhouse clowning. Reuss, the last-minute choice as starting pitcher because of Bob Welch's groin pull, was seen in conference with a lean and leathery Sandy Koufax. Was Reuss receiving some eleventh-hour tactical data from that immortal, who helps Dodger pitchers in his spare time? "No," said Reuss, "we were talking about his asthma."

It was a warm, sultry day, and the sunlight was filtered through a murky cloud of smog—daytime weather typical of the Los Angeles basin in summer and early fall. But the Dodgers rarely play in daylight, and Centerfielder Guerrero, for one, found the experience less than stimulating. He misplayed two balls and misjudged two others, probably because he never flipped down his sunglasses. "I had a bad time out there," he would later say, an understatement.

The Dodgers took a 1-0 lead in the second inning when Garvey, leading off, blooped a single off Morgan's glove and scored on Thomas' two-out single. Morgan was suffering from a painfully twisted left knee, and he blamed his failure to reach Garvey's ball on his infirmity. Ordinarily, he said, "I would have had it in my pocket." It was a big day for bloop hits. Pitching his legendary hardest, Astro fireballer Nolan Ryan struck out nine, giving him 200 for the year, and allowed six hits, only two of which were solid.

Reuss, with Guerrero's unwanted help, was also victimized by nubbies and dying quails. Although working with three days' rest instead of his customary four, he was still able to mow the Astros down with his sinking fastball. He had retired nine batters in succession when Jose Cruz singled softly over second base in the fourth. Cruz stole second and advanced to third on Cesar Cedeno's ground out. Art Howe followed with a short fly ball into centerfield, which Guerrero, blinded by sun, smog and a background of white shirts behind home plate, played into a run-scoring single. The 1-1 tie was short-lived, though, as Garvey led off the Dodgers' half of the inning with a towering homer into the leftfield bullpen.

The Astros threatened again in the ninth with two more bloopers. Cedeno hit one to right with two outs, and Howe

Reuss beat Houston on Saturday, while Cey got the game-tying hit Friday and the winner Sunday

continued



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dropped yet another at the feet of poor Guerrero. "I only saw one ball good all day," Guerrero said. "And because of all the crowd noise, I couldn't even hear the crack of the bat. If a ball is hit well, you can tell by the sound. Today I couldn't." But the next batter, Woods, ended the game with a grounder to second, and new life was breathed into the supposed corpse.

The Astros were halfway to doing what Morgan said they could never do. And each loss was by one run, 3-2 and 2-1. Forsch and Ryan had done their jobs well, but their Dodger counterparts, Sutton and Reuss, had done theirs even better. Reuss could have told them that would happen even before they started

playing on Saturday, because he had awakened that morning with a premonition: "I looked at my wife and said, 'I can't explain this, but there's a lot more going into this than in a normal game.' I just knew it would be close, 1-0 or 2-1." His mustachioed face took on an ethereal look. "I sense some things I can't explain," he explained. The win was Reuss' 18th against only six losses.

And now it looked as if the Dodgers were shifting some of the pressure to the other clubhouse. They had won a record-tying 54th game at Dodger Stadium, including six of eight over the Astros. And twice during the season they had swept four-game series, so with two wins already tucked away, the situation didn't

seem quite so hopeless as it had two days before. But the drama was still there.

"We're emotionally high," said Lopes. "We've been battling and scrapping all season. We know that one bad play and it could be all over for us."

Morgan sat in the Astros' clubhouse, his twisted knee swathed in bandages. "We've been out away from winning on Friday," he said calmly, "and with some luck here and there, we could have won today. But they still have a job in front of them. The pressure is still over there. But if they win again, the pressure is definitely over here."

On Sunday the Dodgers did win again, but on Monday there was pressure enough for both teams.

Like children stuck inside on a bad day, the Phillies were restless. Their little date with destiny was being held up by a steady Montreal rain. In the Philadelphia locker room Del Unser and Marty Byström were practicing their golf swings with bats. Nino Espinosa was playing basketball with his sanitary hose. Lonnie Smith was reading the Saturday funnies. Mike Schmidt leaned back in his cubicle, cradling his bat and enduring a bad cold. Ron Reed woke up the clubhouse boy, Bushy, with a mock slap. Steve Carlton walked silently, and Larry Bowa paced, looking, in his red stocking cap, like one of Santa Claus' more crazed elves. Tim McCarver chanted "Booorring" and fiddled with a giant radio. After Kenny Rogers finally won out over disco, the words of *The Gambler* filled the room. "You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, know when to walk away, and know when to run."

The Phillies know now. Ten hours later, ribbons of champagne—Mumm's Cordon Rouge Brut to be exact—were filling the room as the players hugged, kissed and sprayed each other. As wild celebrations go, this one was pretty wild, but who could blame them? By beating the Cubs Monday through Thursday and then sweeping the first two games of what amounted to a best-of-three mini-playoff series with the

Dilly of a win for Philly

by Steve Wulf



With a save and a win, McGraw had plenty to shout about

Expos, Philadelphia won its fourth East Division title in five years.

Saturday's coup de grâce may have been The Silliest Game Ever Played, but it was representative of the Phillies' whole season. Not many people expected Philadelphia to win the division, and not many people expected the Phillies to win Saturday, not after they committed five errors and four base-running mistakes and hit into a classic centerfielder-to-shortstop-to-third baseman-to-second baseman-to-third baseman-to-catcher double play. But they hung in there, thanks largely to two of the most overdue Phils, Greg Luzinski, who singled in two runs in the seventh to give them a 3-2 lead, and Bob Boone, who singled in the tying run with two outs in the ninth. That left it all up to Tug McGraw and Mike Schmidt, the two men most responsible for winning the 2-1 game the night before and the two who had been winning—and saving—games all through September. McGraw came in to pitch the last three innings, allowing only one base runner, the solitary one he gave the Expos in seven innings over the last two weeks of the season. Schmidt, who was feeling truly awful, crushed a 2-0 fastball from Stan Bahnsen into the leftfield seats in the top of the 11th with a man on. The home run ball was so clearly gone that Jerry White, the Expos' left-

continued

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**MCDONNELL
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fielder, froze in his footsteps and didn't bother to look. He, too, felt truly awful.

It was bound to be a weird game. A steady rain delayed the start three hours and 10 minutes, time enough for 248 members of the media to consume 660 hot dogs and sip 1,100 cups of coffee. National League President Chub Feeney had suggested calling the game off and scheduling it as part of a Sunday doubleheader, but all parties decided to wait, and at 5:25 the game started. "The field was worse than it was for that 1977 playoff game with the Dodgers," said Bowa, referring to the 4-1 Phillies loss that has become the standard for games that shouldn't have taken place.

The Phillies played much of Saturday's game as if they had a death wish. In the bottom of the first, Second Baseman Manny Trillo made a fine stop of a ground ball hit by Rowland Office that hung up Rodney Scott between third and home. Instead of throwing to the plate, Trillo held the ball and then tossed to first to nip Office. Scott finally broke for home and beat the throw from Pete Rose, but after he missed touching the plate, Catcher Keith Moreland slapped on a tag for the double play.

But the most ridiculous play of all came in the seventh with the bases loaded and none out for the Phils. Luzinski, batting cleanup despite a .225 average, got the green light on a 3-0 pitch from Steve Rogers and singled cleanly up the middle, scoring two runs. But Schmidt was caught in a rundown between second and third, and then Luzinski was pickled between first and second. If you're scoring, or if you're a telephone operator, that's 8-6-5-4-5-2.

The Expos went back ahead in the seventh because Trillo, a Gold Glove, missed an easy popup with one out. Ron LeFlore, limited to pinch-running because of a broken wrist, stole second and went to third when the throw got away. Pinch hitter John Tamargo walked, and his pinch runner, Tim Lincecum, stole second. White, who had driven in the Expos' two runs with a third-inning homer off Larry Christenson, hit a sacrifice fly, and then Scott doubled in Raines to give Montreal a 4-3 lead. The Phillies have been through this before.

The 50,794 moaned Expo fans took heart when their savior, Woodie Fryman, came in to strike out Garry Maddox with men on first and second and two outs in

the eighth. But in the ninth he walked Rose to lead off the inning, McBride nearly hit into a double play, but arrived at first at the same time as the throw, and First Base Umpire Dick Stello graciously gave the Phillies the benefit of the doubt. Schmidt then hit a nubber to third that should have been an infield hit, but Stello blew the call and signaled him out. Even the umpires were getting into the swing of things. With two out and McBride on second, Boone, who didn't start because of his .228 average, singled up the middle to tie the game.

Montreal, meanwhile, was getting nowhere with McGraw. On Friday night he had struck out five of the six batters he faced, and in the ninth on Saturday he whiffed Larry Parrish and Jerry Manuel and got Tim Wallach to pop up. McGraw ran into a little trouble in the 10th when White led off with a single, went to second on a sacrifice and to third on a ground ball to first. Dallas Green came out of the dugout to ask McGraw if he'd rather face Andre Dawson or walk him to get to Gary Carter. McGraw chose Dawson, made the centerfielder miss two screwballs and then threw a fastball by him for strike three.

Rose led off the top of the 11th with a single, and after McBride popped out, Schmidt stepped to the plate. His 47th homer had won the game Friday night, but he had failed to put this one away in the fifth when he struck out with the bases loaded and none out. Bahnsen went 2-0 and then threw a fastball over the plate. Schmidt's 48th homer set a major league record for third basemen and was his fourth game-winning RBI in the Phillies' last five victories. "I have to be MVP," Schmidt later said, and he's right.

The Expos deserved better, but then, as one Phillie put it, "They'll just have to go through what we went through." Of the 18 games the two teams played, including a meaningless 8-7 Montreal win over Philadelphia in the season finale on Sunday, the Expos won nine and the Phillies nine, and 10 of the games were decided by one run. That's how close the two teams were. But all the Expos had to show for their troubles were the Youppi dolls—replicas of the team mascot—left in each locker Saturday night. They each were hoping for a ring.

"It was another great year, but we're second again," said Montreal Manager

Dick Williams. "It just wasn't to be. We only needed one more out to take it to Sunday, but we couldn't do that. Why don't you [writers] go over to where the party is? Go get some champagne."

The party was in full swing. Keith Moreland was screaming. "They picked us fourth. Too many old goats and young cats." Smith sat high up on one of the lockers, grinning like a Cheshire cat. Some of the players started pouring baby powder on each other along with the champagne. Carlton—yes, he speaks—said, "Good champagne."

Ironically, the two players who couldn't fully enjoy themselves were Schmidt and McGraw. Schmidt was still feeling woozy. "I hope I don't have to stay sick to keep hitting," he said. And McGraw's stomach was staging a revolution. "I was so tense," he said. "But then I looked at our catcher, Don McCormack. Here's a kid who's called up in September to observe, and he gets into the biggest game of the year by accident. He's sitting behind the plate, smiling, in total control, having a good time. I looked at him and how could I not pitch well?"

McGraw is just a few nationally televised thigh whacks from becoming an American treasure. His screwball ways and good humor have always kept teammates and writers happy, but it was thought he might be through last year after his ERA skied to 5.14 and he tied a league record for giving up the most grand-slam homers (4) in a season. But this season has been, as he says, his "redemption." It's been a redeemer for many of the Phillies, who played right through their primes with a lot of disappointment to show for it. "Everybody was saying we didn't care," said Bowa during the celebration. "Well, we care. You better believe we care."

After Friday night's victory, Schmidt was led into a huge interview room which the Expos had set up in anticipation of the playoffs. Schmidt climbed the stage, looked at the microphone and the crowd of reporters and said, "Is this what they do for the World Series?" Although Schmidt may yet find out for himself, he and the other Phillies would do well to remember the rest of the refrain from *The Gambler*. "You never count your money when it's sittin' on the table, there'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done."

END

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The purse money had been put up, all \$549,000 of it, making last Saturday's Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park the richest thoroughbred race ever held in this country. Eight starters were listed on the program, and the early betting on the 1 1/4-mile race totaled \$398,132, of which big plungers had put \$390,895 on Spectacular Bid to show. But through the backstretch and in the grandstand and clubhouse during the early afternoon there was a feeling of uneasiness. Rumors and counter-rumors flew. Something strange was afoot, something was going wrong, the center wasn't holding. Spectacular Bid was in some sort of trouble, and those closest to him seemed confused and bewildered.

At 8:30 a.m. on race day, owner Harry Meyerhoff was sipping a bottle of Heinekens outside Bid's barn. He said, "This will probably be the horse's last race. He doesn't have anything more to prove. Naturally, we'd like to see him become the first horse to win \$3 million, and a victory in the Gold Cup would put him over that. But he's already been syndicated for \$22 million and is due in Kentucky the first week of November to start his career at stud. He has to rate as one of the greatest horses ever, because he was the best there was as a 2-year-old, a 3-year-old and a 4-year-old. They want Bid for a race at the Meadowlands in two weeks and also want to parade him at Churchill Downs before he goes to stud. I really can't think about those things now. He can beat the Gold Cup field, that I know."

Some 15 minutes later Bud Delp, the colt's trainer, leaned against the side of Bid's barn and made a statement that, considering the circumstances, was nothing less than mysterious. "I have heard all the rumors about my horse not running in the Gold Cup," he said, "but the rumors aren't true. He went out on the racetrack this morning and galloped perfectly. I would say he was even money to start." Even money?

At 9 a.m. Dr. Manny Gilman, the examining veterinarian for the New York Racing Association, arrived at Bid's barn to certify the soundness of the horse for



Trouble in his left ankle ultimately did Bid in

who thrives on controversy, a trainer who loves to stand at center stage and entertain an audience. "It's over now," he said, "but it was a great ride with Bid. The problem is with his left front ankle. He has had a problem with the ankle since he was a 2-year-old. I would say he's 98% of himself right now, and Bid at 98% could beat the field that's entered for the Gold Cup with no problems. But he's not 100%, and I'm not going to send him out on the racetrack when he's not 100%. It's as simple as that. The decision to scratch him was mine."

Delp then expanded on the life and times of Bid's trainer. "There are a lot of things people don't know about training," he said. "I have been with this horse for three years, almost day and night. We've been across the country together: Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Florida, California, Illinois. A trainer gets to know his racehorse very well under those conditions, and I know Bid. He's not right today. When you talk about pressure you don't really know what it is

continued

The champ calls it a day

competition, Gilman looked into Bid's stall and saw the horse standing with his forelegs in a tub of ice, a normal race-day procedure to tighten tendons. "I can't examine the horse now," he said. "I'll come back when these people have their act together."

An hour later Gilman returned. This time Bid's handlers refused to let him examine the horse without authorization from Delp. Gilman was angry. "I have nothing to say," he declared. "I'll go to the stewards and tell them that I tried to do my job twice and was refused. After that, I don't know what will happen."

What happened, of course, was that the rumors multiplied. Finally, a little after 4 p.m., Delp announced that Spectacular Bid was being scratched and that his career as a racehorse had ended. The announcement drew hoots and boos from the small crowd of 24,035. Delp is a man

Spectacular Bid passed on the Gold Cup, retiring as the winningest horse



Trainer Delp declined to run his horse at 98%

until you have a horse like Bid to train. Hell, it costs \$3,800 a day just to keep him on the racetrack when you add up the insurance premiums and the other stuff. But Big Daddy was everything a racehorse is supposed to be. Let anyone who wants to knock him knock him. And anybody who does is a damned fool."

What is there left to say about Spectacular Bid? Start by saying he was a running machine, a gray streak that had the highest winning percentage (87%) of the 25 runners who have earned \$1 million or more. Bid won 26 of 30 races and carried his banner the length and breadth of the land: to Pimlico, Monmouth, Delaware Park, Atlantic City, Belmont, Laurel, Keeneland, Gulfstream Park, Hialeah, Keeneland, Churchill Downs, The Meadows, Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Arlington.

Along the way he set eight track records and had winning streaks of 12 and nine, exceptional achievements in this day. Bid didn't just beat his opponents, he humiliated them. He was so sound that knowledgeable horsemen couldn't believe any animal could handle the amount of training and racing he endured. Rarely was the horse out of training for any length of time. This year Bid went nine for nine to become the

first handicap horse since Tom Fool back in 1953 to go through a handicap campaign undefeated.

It has been said of Bid that he didn't carry enough weight, that tracks around the nation were so anxious to lure him that they lowered the weights assigned him just so he would show up. Yet consider this: Affirmed carried 130 pounds or more just twice; Spectacular Bid did it five times and won those races by a stunning average of six lengths.

Last month he became the subject of a big debate when his connections didn't enter him in the Marlboro Cup after he had been assigned 136 pounds, 12 more than Secretariat carried in that same race in 1973 and eight more than Seattle Slew lugged two years ago. Granted, Forego carried 137 pounds when winning the Marlboro in 1976, but Forego was a gelding and thus had no prospects at stud that could be shattered by a breakdown. "Weight will stop a freight train," the saying goes. The only thing Bid didn't accomplish was to win at 1½ miles. He lost the Belmont Stakes to Coastal last year, and the following day it was announced that a safety pin had worked its way into a hoof before the race. In his only other attempt at 1½ miles Bid lost to Affirmed by three-quarters of a length as a 3-year-old running against a 4-year-old.

Spectacular Bid retires with record alltime earnings of \$2,781,607, a grand return on Harry, Teresa and Tom Meyerhoff's original investment of \$37,000 at the fall Keeneland yearling sale of 1977—a spectacular bid certainly because that year the average price of a yearling by Bold Bidder was \$84,750. As Bid went from triumph to triumph the price of sons and daughters of Bold Bidder, his sire, went higher and higher, and this year a buyer had to spend an average of \$133,500 for a Bold Bidder at auction. A dozen were sold.

Delp was rewarded handsomely by the Meyerhoffs for his handling of the horse. "Rather than take a breeding share in Bid," he says, "I took the money and ran. It was \$1.5 million, and I have it spread

out over a number of years. I just don't know that much about horse breeding and couldn't see myself seriously involved in that end of the business. But it won't be long before I'll be getting the sons and daughters of Big Daddy to train. I look forward to that day."

For a 3-year-old to beat a 4-year-old in a weight-for-age race is a rarity, but with Bid out of the Gold Cup, Temperance Hill did just that. He followed a very slow pace and galloped off to win by 5½ lengths in the woefully slow time of 2:30½, leaving John Henry and Ivory Hunter in his wake.

Temperance Hill is a born plodder, a horse that relishes long distances. He also seems to be a horse with a marvelous instinct for winning at exactly the right time for his backers. In June he won the Belmont at odds of 53-1; in August he ran to victory in the Travers at Saratoga at 4-1. He wasn't favored in the Gold Cup, either, that prominence falling to John Henry, probably the nation's top grass horse. This time Temperance Hill went off at 2-1.

One of the most interesting things about him is that while he hasn't won two races in a row in his last 10 outings, he has won \$830,452 this year. The next time Temperance Hill runs he'll be gunning for the \$300,000 first prize in the \$500,000 Super Derby at Louisiana Downs on Oct. 18.

The Gold Cup ended New York's so-called "Championship Series." With Bud scratching, the series certainly wasn't what it was intended to be, and the reason for that probably lies in the fact that the first of the three races, the Marlboro, is a handicap followed by the Woodward and Gold Cup, both weight-for-age races. The order should be reversed, with the handicap race last to ensure both big fields and interesting competition.

The lasting memory of the series, of course, is from the Woodward, in which Bid "walked over," his presence in the entries so awesome that nobody dared run against him. He "walked" in 2:02½ for the 1½ miles, quicker than Kelso had won the race against competition in 1962. Bid thus went out of racing in solitary gray splendor with nobody behind him and certainly nobody in front of him. Said Bud Delp late Saturday afternoon, "Maybe that was the way the end was meant to be."



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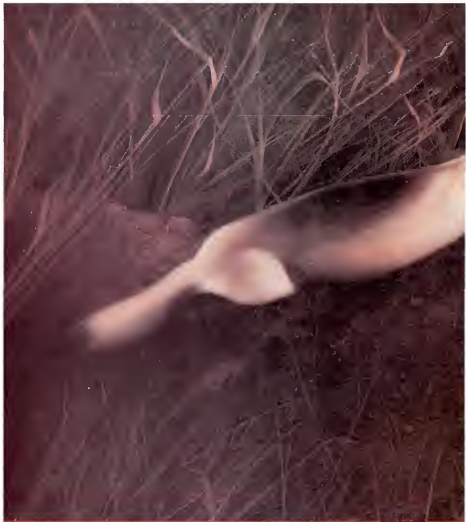
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Missing and presumed



to be dead

If the black-footed ferret is a valid case in point, the difference between endangered and extinct may be, in the end, money

by Bil Gilbert

CONTINUED



or a period in the mid-1960s I was a journalistic observer of and commentator on the federal endangered-species program that was then being organized to aid animals thought to be in imminent danger of extinction. Thus I happened to spend a few cold days in the fall of 1967 in western South Dakota with a field biologist named Don Fortenberry, who was at the time 35 years old. He had been assigned by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to find and learn something about the black-footed ferret, which at the time was regarded as the least numerous and thus most endangered mammal in the United States. It still holds that dubious distinction.

There were—and are—more assumptions than facts available about the black-footed ferret, a member of the weasel family. Thirteen years ago one guess was that there were no more than one or two hundred of the animals in the U.S. They had once inhabited, always in sparse numbers, most of the Great Plains, and a few could still have been living anywhere in that vast region. However, most reports of their continuing existence came from the prairie and butte country of South Dakota west of the Missouri River. Even if the ferret had been numerous there, Fortenberry would have had a formidable problem spotting any, this being a very elusive and reclusive beast. Invariably associated with prairie dogs, the ferrets conduct most of their activities, predatory and otherwise, underground in the maze-like burrows dug by those communal rodents. Also, ferrets are nocturnal and seldom surface except in the dark.

The scarcity of ferrets further complicated Fortenberry's work. On the basis

that the baby shouldn't be thrown out with the bath water, he had to forgo many standard search techniques. Running trap lines through prairie-dog towns might have produced a few specimens—weasels, as a family, being easy to snare—but there was the worry that ferrets thus killed might be the last ones left.

Fortenberry (and others who have followed him as ferret researchers) therefore proceeded cautiously. By day he would examine prairie-dog towns for surface signs of ferrets. But the ground in this region is hard, doesn't take good impressions and, therefore, is poorly suited for sign reading. Such signs as are made don't last long because of the scouring effect of the prairie wind. Also, prairie dogs are notable excavators, forever rearranging the earth in the vicinity of their tunnels, and that effaces signs. So Fortenberry depended principally on nighttime searching. He would take a four-wheel-drive vehicle to a spot with a good view of a prairie-dog town and from time to time through the night sweep it with a searchlight on the chance that he might spot a ferret, or at least its eyeshine, a brief spark of peculiar greenish reflection. Among animals customarily found in prairie-dog towns, only the eyeshine of the long-tailed weasel is similar to that of the ferret.

On the last night that I went searching with Fortenberry, we set up about dusk on the property of an obliging rancher. The prairie-dog town we were watching covered about 75 acres, extending from a gulch toward a solitary butte under which we parked. It was a dark, overcast November night, without moon or stars. A sharp wind out of the northwest rattled the dry prairie weeds and drove before it a lot of gritty dust and a

few grains of snow almost as abrasive. Huddled in the cab of the truck, bundled in goose-hunting clothes, we drank coffee and talked about ferrets, politics in the Interior Department, world affairs, ball games and other things two men might be expected to discuss when they have to sit up all night. Every five minutes or so Fortenberry would play the spotlight across the dog town. Quite often it caught something. Jackrabbits, because of distortion caused by the light and distance, looked pale and as big as cocker spaniels. Two coyotes, a raccoon and a yellow plains porcupine of vaguely prehistoric appearance stood at different times transfixed by the beam. I found all this more interesting than did Fortenberry, who had already seen perhaps too much of prairie night life. Nevertheless, each time the light went on he would strain forward toward the windshield in anticipation. It was a compulsive reaction illustrating the power of faint hope over high probability—rather like casually buying a 25¢ chance in a million-dollar lottery but getting edgy on the day of the drawing.

Just before dawn we both thought we saw a suggestive glint of reflected light, but it disappeared before either of us could speak. Fortenberry worked the area over and over with the beam, and after the sky became light we went out and searched the ground for signs. There were none, and Fortenberry said, "It's easy to see spooks when you do this work." We talked about things mystics say they have seen in a single point of flame.

The flick of green light may have been the reflection of something more than wishful imagining, because Fortenberry did find a ferret later on not far from where we had spent that night. I was long gone by then.

My ferret-hunting expedition was a classic non-event. However, I have thought often of that night, and I think I recall it more clearly than I do many other more conventionally eventful ones. Certainly, the trophy-hunting possibility helped make it memorable—the faint chance of seeing, and thus figuratively claiming, something of extreme rarity. Beyond that, there was a powerful surrealistic quality to that night, as if some elemental force was floating around

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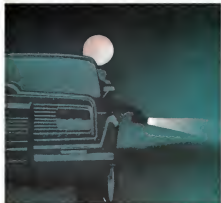


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Extinct?

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LUZAK



Nocturnal ferret hunters look for a glint of green in their beams.

the dust and snow, mixed in with pale rabbits and yellow porcupines, a force having less to do with ferrets than with men—the two of us and a good many others of our species whose interests Fortenberry and I, in a way, represented.

Though my direct involvement with endangered species subsequently declined, I remained interested in them, and particularly in the ferret. During the 1970s, when things seemed to be looking up for many of the hard-pressed animals—the whooping crane, the masked bobwhite, the everglade kite, the sea otter, the eastern timber wolf—there never was good news, or much news of any sort, about the ferret. Ecological and political problems relating to the animal seemed to grow more complicated. Some months ago, I learned through reports and conversations that the federal agencies had come to an administrative and biological dead end with the species. This suggested that if anyone wanted to ask questions or say anything about this elusive mammal in any but purely historical terms, it might be well to do so soon. So 13 years after my night on the prairie with Don Fortenberry, I returned, in a sense, to the ferret.

Evolutionists generally agree that the ferret, as a distinct member of the weasel

family (the *Mustelidae*—a clan that includes skunks, badgers, minks, otters, wolverines and a lot of lesser beasts called simply "weasels"), originated in the Mediterranean basin. They are lithe, elongated carnivores especially well equipped to pursue tunnel-dwelling rodents—in the case of the black-footed ferret, those rodents are prairie dogs, who not only build the ferrets' homes for them but serve as their dinner as well. Thousands of years ago these abilities came to the attention of human beings in the Old World who caught some ferrets and ever since have bred and kept them as hunting aids, particularly for roasting rabbits out of their burrows. The descendants of these animals, as thoroughly domesticated as the dog or cat, are known as European ferrets. They are common in this country as laboratory animals and even as household pets.

Other ferrets in ancient times began an immense eastward migration. Some eventually arrived in the steppes of central Asia and remain there today as a feral species called the Siberian ferret. Others continued to pioneer, coming by and by to Alaska, presumably getting there over the Bering Sea land bridge that once linked the Americas to Asia. These were the ancestors of the black-footed ferret—*Mustela nigripes*. Somewhat like the Indians and Eskimos who got to North America by the same route, *M. nigripes* is such an ancient resident as to be considered a native of the continent. However, except for a dark facial mask and the four black feet that gave it its popular name, the animal isn't much different physically or in its behavior from the wild Siberian or domesticated European ferrets. Like them, it reaches a maximum weight of around 1½ pounds, and an adult is between 18 and 22 inches long, including its 4" to 5" tail.

Rounding the Arctic corner, the ferrets, according to their fossil remains, continued south and finally settled down in the Great Plains. Being minor pred-

ators, they probably were never very numerous, and they have certainly never been conspicuous so far as humans are concerned. Except for a few tiny mouse-shrewlike creatures, ferrets were the last mammals in the U.S. to be discovered by naturalists. They received their first mention in 1851 after John James Audubon had received a single skin from a collector in Wyoming. The Plains Indians traditionally used bits of ferret skin in ceremonial garments; this use suggests that the animals were always rare, or at least rarely met by people.

Ferrets have been seen, found in traps or discovered as road kills only occasionally since Audubon's day. Increasingly, reports of their existence were restricted to South Dakota, where since 1889 there have been about 400 valid sightings—an average of four or five a year, although the rate has been lower in recent years. The last bona fide recorded encounter with a ferret occurred more than a year ago in Todd County, S. Dak., when one was met by Dennis Lengkeek, a state conservation officer who has worked closely with the federal ferret researchers.

Although no one can currently produce a living ferret or do more than hazard a guess as to where one might be, nearly all experts on the animal believe—have a "gut" feeling, as it is often expressed—that there are still some ferrets, most likely in South Dakota, with Wyoming another strong possibility. It is also accepted that the range of the animal has been drastically reduced since Audubon described it 130 years ago, and there isn't much debate about the principal reason for the decline.

When white settlers began to occupy the Great Plains, one of their first projects was getting rid of prairie dogs. There were a lot of them, perhaps as many as five billion, and in some places contiguous prairie-dog towns occupied as much as 25,000 square miles. The burrow entrances of these animals would occasionally break a horse's leg or a wagon axle, but, more important, cattlemen came to the conclusion that these browsing rodents were formidable competitors with cattle for forage. This remains a matter of hot dispute in ranch country. There are studies—the most recent was released this year by the U.S. Forest Service—that indicate prairie-dog damage may not be as great as suspected. This finding is

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Extinct?

continued

supported by a historical argument: at one time the plains, occupied by billions of prairie dogs, also supported 60 million buffalo and 40 million antelope, both notable grass eaters.

Whatever the ecological truth, most ranchers became convinced that prairie dogs were economically intolerable and had to go, or at least be thinned out considerably. Private landowners asked for and received public assistance in doing the chore. The states—and, after 1914, the federal government—got into the business of controlling prairie dogs as a form of agricultural protectionism.

"Control" is a bureaucratic euphemism that means kill. In the case of prairie dogs, it means poison. Public agencies had at the rodents with a variety of lethal gases, powders and solutions, either to eliminate colonies or to keep the area they occupied very much reduced. Nobody knows how many prairie dogs were controlled, but the body count was certainly in the billions. By the middle of this century the animals had become locally extinct in many areas of their former range.

Neither ranchers nor government exterminators had anything against the black-footed ferret; in most cases they probably didn't even know the beast existed. However, the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming that prairie-dog control played havoc with the ferrets. They succumbed directly because of the poisons, and later, as the dog towns were eliminated or reduced, the ferrets died off because of the loss of food sources and effective habitat. As early as 1929 Ernest Thompson Seton, the most influential popular naturalist in the U.S. at the time, was predicting that the black-footed ferret was not long for this world if massive prairie-dog poisoning programs continued. However, it was hard to arouse much public indignation about the plight of an animal few people had ever heard of, much less seen or admired.

In the early 1960s the situation changed dramatically. Alarmed by, among other things, Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring*, environmentalists began attacking the unchecked spread of pesticides, herbicides and commercial and industrial toxins. The work of public

wildlife exterminators was cited as particularly outrageous. For example, in one year in the 1960s the federal Fish and Wildlife Service had controlled, mostly by poison, 154,640 wild animals, including 77,000 coyotes, 850 grizzly bears and 280 mountain lions. Not only because of the amount of controlling it was doing but also because it was supposed to be the national protector of wildlife, the agency caught a lot of serious heat.

Environmentalists considered one poison especially objectionable. It was a sodium fluoroacetate called Compound 1080, which was not only very lethal but also an "indiscriminate" toxin, as opposed to a "specific" poison. Compound 1080 slaughtered a lot of animals other than those for which it was intended. A prairie dog that had eaten 1080-treated grain became a secondary bait for anything that ate it. It was argued that 1080 was killing off uncounted and uncountable numbers of creatures and would bring about the quick extinction of at least one—the black-footed ferret. The fate of the obscure ferret thus became something of a symbolic rallying point in the overall antipollution campaign.

Fanning the public outrage was the fact that in 1964 the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service began to compile a list of endangered species, creatures who were now so few in number that their survival was in question. The ferret headed the list of endangered mammals. Environmentalists and ferret students immediately raised the obvious point—that it was hypocritical, to say the least, for one branch of the Fish and Wildlife Service to declare the ferret endangered while another branch of the same agency was busy stuffing poisoned grain down prairie-dog holes.

South Dakota became the focal point of this controversy. A likely reason why people had continued to see a few ferrets in South Dakota was that for a long time there had been less prairie-dog control in that state than elsewhere, because much of the western part of South Dakota was given over to Indian reservations. After World War II, however, Indian ranchers demanded the same kind of prairie-dog control their white counterparts had long enjoyed. A lot of the dogs were subsequently controlled in South Dakota.

Environmentalists insisted that these

The American ferret's mask helps differentiate him from his Old World brethren.



operations should cease or be curtailed, generally because poisoning was bad, and specifically to save the ferret. Ranchers, the Bureau of Indian Affairs and state and federal exterminating agencies heatedly rejoined that while they wished the ferret well, it was unfair to force them to give up poisoning prairie dogs—and suffer the economic consequences of doing so—just because some animal of no known value that nobody ever saw might be accidentally harmed.

Several years of bitter wrangling and bureaucratic infighting followed. In 1972, in what was regarded as a considerable triumph for environmentalists, President Nixon signed an order forbidding the use of 1080 by anyone—feds, state agencies or private parties.

After the 1080 ban the federal government got out of prairie-dog poisoning in South Dakota. In fact, very little control work was done there by anyone for five years. But in 1978 a new poison, zinc phosphide, was allowed to be used by the state of South Dakota. It effectively kills prairie dogs; however, it is more time-consuming to use and thus more expensive than 1080 was. As a result, the South Dakota prairie-dog population has indisputably increased in recent years, and there is agitation to go back to the good old days of 1080. South Dakota applied to the federal government for permission to use 1080 on limited areas in the western part of the state. But two months ago the Environmental Protection Agency denied the petition on the basis that there were "viable substitutes."

Earlier, however, while attempting to settle the prairie-dog poisoning dispute, the Fish and Wildlife Service organized a project designed to find some ferrets and develop ways to protect and increase the population. That was why Don Fortenberry had been sent to South Dakota to do field research in 1960. Conrad Hillman, a graduate student from the University of South Dakota, was also working on ferrets at the time, and the two cooperated closely until 1972, when Fortenberry was reassigned to make an impact study of the proposed Alaska "Wilderness Lands" bill. Hillman then became the federal ferret man, the only one in the world.

By checking reports from private landowners and state game officials and spending thousands of hours looking for

ferret signs, Fortenberry and Hillman had been able to locate 71 of the animals during the first eight years of their study. Included were 38 young ferrets found in 11 litters. This was a larger number than anyone had thought would be found, and in 1971 plans were made to live-trap some of the animals in the hope of breeding them in captivity at the endangered-species laboratory the Fish and Wildlife Service maintains in Patuxent, Md. The endangered-species specialists had had considerable success breeding such rare creatures as whooping cranes and masked bobwhites, and because weasels in general (for example, the mink) breed well in captivity, it was assumed the black-footed ferrets would do likewise.

Fortenberry and Hillman therefore trapped six ferrets, four of them females, in Mellette County, S. Dak. The plan was to hold the animals for several weeks of acclimatization in South Dakota and then fly them to Patuxent. However, before they ever got to Maryland all four females died. Reports from the Fish and Wildlife Service say only that the animals died. That the ferrets' fate is dealt with in such extreme brevity is understandable in light of what occurred.

"What happened was that we were responsible for the deaths of those animals," says Hillman. "It was decided that the ferrets should be inoculated against distemper. Everyone agreed. There were two choices of vaccine. We thought and talked about it a lot—and we made the wrong choice. We sent the bodies to Cornell University for examination. The report was, essentially, that we had given them a fatal dose of distemper."

Despite this disaster, the two surviving males were sent to Patuxent in November 1971, where they were later joined by a female, trapped in 1972, and a pair, presumably mates, taken in 1973. Colonies of European and Siberian ferrets were also established at the laboratory to serve as surrogate study animals.

The five black-footed ferrets adjusted well enough to captivity but they did not, to put it mildly, reproduce vigorously. The single female, nicknamed Frigid Min, never became sexually responsive. Close examination of the pair trapped in 1973 indicated that both were well into middle age—10 years or so being regarded as a good life-span for ferrets. The female was thought to be perhaps eight

years old and was called Granny. Nevertheless, she conceived in 1976 and had a litter of five. But four were stillborn and the fifth, toward which Granny hardly behaved in a maternal manner, was weak and died within two days.

Granny bred again the next year, and as whelping time neared, the laboratory staff set up a round-the-clock watch. Again five young were born. Again four of them were stillborn. The fifth infant was removed from Granny, artificially warmed, fed, carefully doctored. It was offered to a nursing Siberian ferret, which willingly accepted it—to no avail. This youngster also died two days after birth. By 1978 Granny was truly an ancient ferret, 12 or 13 years old. But she was the only female available and so she was bred once more. Conception apparently occurred, and it was decided to remove the young by cesarean section. The operation was performed, but it turned out that Granny had had a pseudopregnancy.

A few months later, in January 1979, Granny died of mammary-gland cancer. She was the last of the black-footed ferrets in captivity, her former mate and the other animals having succumbed earlier to other cancers.

Jim Carpenter, a Patuxent research veterinarian who attended the ferrets, is of the opinion that the cancers (which didn't affect the Siberian ferrets), as well as diabetes and some other congenital ailments that afflicted the blackfoots, indicated a pattern of genetic weakness that may be influencing the fate of wild ferrets. "The wild population may be so reduced and so isolated that inbreeding has become a problem," Carpenter says.

However, Carpenter feels that the Patuxent ferrets did not die in vain, because the laboratory's experience with them provided a great deal of information, especially about the animal's reproductive physiology. He believes that, given stronger stock, ferrets can successfully breed in captivity. That may be the last and the best hope for preserving the species.

Meanwhile, back in the field, the ferret research that had begun so promisingly also started to encounter afflictions of a terminal sort. The number of sightings of the animals declined after 1974. Though there continue to be a few valid

continued

Extinct?

continued

reports, Hillman, who has spent more time than anyone else looking for ferrets, has now not seen one in five years. Eighteen months ago, in an attempt to do something about the searchers' lack of success, the Fish and Wildlife Service contracted for the training of four dogs as ferret hunters. The dogs were conditioned to respond to the scent of ferret scats sent from the Patuxent laboratory, and two of the dogs—both Labrador retrievers—proved in training exercises to have considerable aptitude for this work. However, the dogs, too, were unsuccessful in their efforts to find wild black-footed ferrets.

The paucity of sightings may mean

is more optimistic than that statement indicates. "My gut feeling is that there may be as many ferrets as there were when we started looking in the 1960s," he says. "There is no question that after the 1080 ban, prairie-dog colonies have expanded. There may be two million acres of them in the northern Great Plains now. Consequently, there is more ferret habitat than there was. This in itself may be a factor in the lack of sightings. Ten years ago I'd spend a couple of days going over a 50-acre dog town looking for signs. The same dog town may be three times as big now, which means it takes a lot more time to look it over and the chances of missing something are at least tripled.

head? Fourteen years of it gets to you."

The lack of ferrets in the field and the collapse of the captive breeding program has also frustrated Fish and Wildlife administrators in Washington. Unlike their efforts with the whooping crane and the wolf, the ferret project has given the feds nothing to brag about, no scientific or political kudos. And because some \$600,000 has been spent on this obscure animal, the program becomes increasingly vulnerable to Golden Fleece criticism—in short, that it is a foolish waste of public money. In 1979 a story saying just about that appeared in *The Wall Street Journal*. Besides taking a few gratuitous swipes at some of the people involved, the report was inaccurate—among other bits of misinformation, the *Journal* erroneously stated that \$20,000 had been spent to import the dung of Siberian ferrets. Even so, it was the sort of publicity that makes bureaucrats very nervous.

Though the feds insist the *Journal* article was not a matter of concern, funding for further ferret research has been withdrawn from the proposed 1981 Fish and Wildlife Service budget. That was discovered in January of this year by a seven-member organization called the Ferret Recovery Team. (Several endangered species have teams of government and private experts who have a particular interest in the species and provide advice for its welfare. The Ferret Recovery Team is just such a group.)

In February, to satisfy my curiosity, I visited with a group of Fish and Wildlife Service administrators who assembled in a Washington office to explain the decision to stop ferret research. The chief spokesman was Harold O'Connor, deputy associate director of federal assistance, a position that puts him second in command of endangered-species programs and thus makes him one of the architects of ferret policies. Much of the conversation was semantic, having to do with what word or phrase best described what had happened to the ferret program. The Fish and Wildlife people thought that expressions like "end," "abandon" and "close down" were misleading, despite the fact that their budget proposal had used the word "terminate." Glen Smart, an endangered-species staff research specialist, suggested "de-emphasize." This was accepted as the best and most accurate word.



Prairie dogs build the burrows that ferrets normally live in and are high on the ferrets' menu

that the worst possibility has come to pass—that the species is now balanced on the brink of extinction or may even have fallen into the eternal abyss. "Anything is possible," concedes Hillman, "because there is so little that can be objectively proved. Maybe there is some critical number below which the ferrets cannot reproduce effectively. It could be that the family groups are so small and scattered that vigorous males and females cannot find each other easily or safely."

However, Hillman, as well as other biologists who have worked with ferrets,

"There is another thing about the lack of recent observations. I'm the ferret man, and I haven't looked as hard during the last few years as I did before. I've been doing other research, too, with swift foxes [another rare prairie species], for instance—at least you occasionally see them. When I was in my 20s I'd stay in the field for weeks on end, looking for ferrets day and night. One fall I lost 30 pounds. It wears you down, physically and psychologically. Then, too, I was with Fortenberry much of the time. You know what just a few days of looking for something you almost never see and can't really prove is even there does to your

Ferret de-emphasis was then explained. Only \$66,000 had been allotted for ferrets for 1980, because funds were very tight—there was only about \$1 million available for all endangered-species research. Ferret research had to be de-emphasized. Previous investigation had turned up a lot of valuable information, and it now seemed time to phase out that part of the program. De-emphasize.

"But the fact is that after this budget cut you won't have money for a ferret man," I suggested. "You won't really be in the business anymore."

No, that wasn't really so. All over the land Fish and Wildlife agents would be thinking about ferrets, would be ready to protect any ferrets somebody else located. Hillman would be reassigned to work with wolves in Minnesota, but the service would still have his expertise and he could be sent back to South Dakota in a matter of hours if there were any hot ferret leads.

All this seemed reasonable, if not ideal, until later, when a long-time service friend said informally, "You probably didn't know, but Hillman has resigned. He's leaving as of March 1."

"What was all that about his being reassigned and being held in a state of ready-alert to do ferret work?"

"I don't know, but he's quit. Not just the ferret job but the whole service. He is going to do research for a private conservation outfit."

Federal officials, even when one is inclined in their favor, are sometimes hard to love.

Hillman, in his final week as the last of the federal ferret men, was not at all bitter, but he was outspoken. "I could see this coming," he said. "Washington getting restless about their commitment to the species. I'd still be here if I thought they were really going to back it, but I didn't want to stay on as a kind of token. Obviously I care about these animals. I'm going to stay in touch and maybe I can do more from the outside than I could on the inside."

I asked him what he would do if he had his hand on the keys to things—the authority and the money.

"The first thing is to find ferrets," he answered. "I think they are there. The dogs are not a bad idea, but mostly we need bodies. One man can't do it. I don't mean there have to be a lot of full-time

employees, a big budget. There are ways we could get help—other agencies, maybe some graduate students, volunteers who would put in some time. I talked to officials from the Navaho reservation in Arizona. They're interested in ferrets and they may have some—nobody has ever really looked there. The Navahos might put some time into looking for them. If we turned up some ferrets I don't think it would be hard to make arrangements to protect them, either on federal or private lands."

"What about trying captive breeding again?"

"I'm not so sure about that now. Sometimes I say that if I found a ferret the best thing I could do for it is not tell anyone, but that's easy to take out of context. What I mean is, I think the first priority is to find out a lot more than we know now about the natural history of the animal, the reproductive, territorial, predatory requirements, how the litters disperse, what would make a reasonable sanctuary area. I think good, continuing field observations are what we need most. Then we would stand a much better chance of breeding animals in the lab and transplanting young ones back into the wild."

According to the Washington administrators, the main ferret man, now that Hillman is gone, is Maurice Anderson, a veteran wildlife biologist who is an endangered-species specialist assigned to a branch office of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Pierre, S. Dak. Anderson is responsible for filing reports, providing public information and sitting in on meetings about a variety of scarce species found in the northern Great Plains. As part of that job he was appointed to the Ferret Recovery Team, but he makes no claim about having special expertise with the species. "I've picked up Com Hillman's papers," says Anderson. "and I'll go on filing ferret reports, if there are any."

"What would you do if, say, tomorrow you got what sounded like a very good report?"

"I'd try to arrange to get out of the office and go look," says Anderson, a soft-spoken, low-key, commonsensical man. "If there were good signs maybe I could get the dogs and check them out."

The two Labradors are in effect the last full-time federal ferret staffers.

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"If they did check out, if you actually found a ferret—what then?"

"There wouldn't be a lot I could do immediately. We don't have funds or personnel for research. I'd go through the chain of command. What happened would be a Washington decision. I suppose."

Ed Brigham is the director of regional activities of the National Audubon Society. Until last year he was a member of the Ferret Recovery Team, the only one who wasn't a public employee. "Whatever they call it—terminate or de-emphasize—I think the Fish and Wildlife Service has made a bad mistake," he says. "The ferret is the first major endangered species they have given up on. Research possibilities do remain—they were spelled out in the recovery plan we submitted to the service in the summer of 1978—but nothing much was done to implement them. You get the feeling that people in Washington are interested in things that promise quicker results and better publicity. I'm afraid other agencies and other people—say, those pushing to use 1080 again—are going to take this as a sign that there is no good reason to pay much attention to this animal any longer. I have to think that the ferret has suddenly become much more endangered than it was before this decision was made."

Having terminated and thus de-emphasized conversations with public officials, I drove out to the South Dakota countryside looking for a prairie-dog town where, according to Anderson, a ferret might have been seen a few years ago. The wind was again whipping snow and dust across the prairie, but not even in a 25¢-against-a-million-dollar-jackpot way was this a ferret-hunting expedition. It was simply that a prairie-dog town provided a better environment for thinking about ferrets than federal office buildings and laboratories do.

When, 13 years before, Fortenberry and I had sat in a similar place, we had talked in a self-mocking way about what a conventionally worthless thing a black-footed ferret is. They make up such a minuscule portion of the animal kingdom that they are of almost no ecological consequence, even to prairie dogs. If, as some environmentalists think, protecting the diversity of the world's gene pool is im-

portant, well, ferret genes are in good supply from the plentiful and almost identical European and Siberian species. So far as humans are concerned, we've never, except for the Sioux robe makers, had any practical use for the ferret. We have known it so briefly and imperfectly that it isn't a creature with historic or legendary associations for us; it doesn't conjure up atavistic remembrances of things past, the way the wolf does. Ferrets have never pleased or stimulated us ethetically, as the whooping crane has, and they probably never will, because they are more or less invisible. Fortenberry and I discussed all of this, but we couldn't get around the fact that we were where we were that night and that others had and would be in the same sort of improbable place for the same insubstantial purpose.

It would be tidy, but sheer contrivance, to claim that 13 years later, while kicking frozen clods in an empty prairie-dog town, these paradoxical matters sorted themselves out in a blinding flash of insight. About all that did occur to me was the notion that it wasn't a bad way to spend a few hours, that I had spent some of the best parts of my life looking in a sense, for ferrets. So has everyone else I know.

A very common, in fact almost definitive, characteristic of our species is that we often become passionately concerned about things of no intrinsic value. Caring deeply about paintings and houseplants, honor and free speech, the outcome of ball games is not unlike caring about ferrets. Individually—and collectively—we have a lot of Golden Fleece interests. We can, if circumstances require, sacrifice some of them without much suffering, but at the same time we know that without some of them life would be brutal and almost unbearable.

Perhaps we are now as a nation too poor to continue a public search-and-rescue operation for ferrets. If so, the general quality of life won't be endangered. In fact, if the last ferret should shuffle off this mortal coil (or already has), there will be no practical reverberations. Yet there are real limits to how much of this sort of cost-accounting we can afford. The cost, as well as the considerable glory of being human, is that now and then we must go out into prairie-dog towns and look for ferrets. No ferret will ever come looking for us.

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Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

THE BARE FACTS ABOUT THE HAZING OF FROSH FOOTBALLERS, TEXAS-STYLE



I guess it was the broom drive, more than anything else, that really was responsible for the creation of Freshman Night at the Fort. This was back in the days right after the Korean war when I was playing football at John Tarleton Junior College in Stephenville, Texas. The Fort was an old, dilapidated former Army barracks that was used as the athletic dormitory. Tarleton State University is a four-year university now, but it is still part of the Texas A&M system, just as it was in 1952. The sort of hazing that had long been standard fare at A&M was practiced at Tarleton, too. Because we football players were supposedly tougher than the average students, hazing in the Fort was serious stuff.

Take the broom drive for example. When I checked into the dorm for pre-season practice, the first thing I noticed was a big sign in the hall that said each freshman must keep a broom in his room at all times. "Oh, good," I thought, "Mom'll be so pleased I'll be keeping my room neat and all that." Well, it wasn't until the afternoon that I found out the real purpose of that broom—and why Coach Sandy Sanford eventually would have to ask the seniors to hold off on us (til the season was over. When a senior said, "Freshman, get your broom," you went to your room, collected your broom and took it down the hall to the bathroom and soaked it in the toilet until it felt like it weighed 20 or 30 pounds. Then you reported to the senior who was waiting for you in the hall. There was a line marked off across the hall, and you'd be told to "assume the position," which

meant you toed the mark, bent down and grasped both your ankles. Then the senior would see how far he could drive you with one swat.

That was bad enough, but before long the seniors began competing to see who could drive a freshman the farthest. To even things up, they began giving out handicaps. I mean you wouldn't expect

a little senior quarterback to be able to drive a big freshman tackle very far, and it wouldn't have been very far for some big old tackle to have a small freshman halfback to flail away at, so the seniors carefully pured up the drivers and the drives. Unfortunately, I was kind of caught in the middle. I was a 190-pound receiver and defensive back, and I'd also caught the attention of a very large offensive tackle, Jim Bomar, from Paragould, Ark. Bomar was pretty much the ringleader of the hazing and had decided he had dibs on me. "Boy, I like your heigh," he said. "And them long arms. So when I bust you I want you to reach out and get me all the distance you can. What I'm trying to tell you, boy, is I think you got the goods to make me the world broom-driving record holder." Well, there just ain't no disputing that kind of logic.

But I guess the worst part of it was when the seniors would have disputes over the measuring. You'd be lying there, stretched full out on the hall floor, your bottom ringing, and you'd hear the arguing begin. One driver would say, "I measured him at an even 8' 11". Then another would say, "Damned if that's so! Look where his fingers are curled back to now. Just take that tape measure. It ain't no more than 8' 6". You knew what was coming next: "Freshman, get back up here and assume the position." Bomar would say in an injured tone of voice, "By damn, I'll just show you guys. I'll stretch him out to an even nine foot this time! And you measure him quick, before his fingers start to curl. Let's keep

in mind that the rules of the competition say to where his outstretched fingers reach!"

But one day Coach Sanford called all the upperclassmen together and told them that there were more freshmen getting hurt in the dorm than there were on the playing field. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm going to make a deal with you. We're in the running for the conference championship and a bid to the Little Rose Bowl, but we can't make it if we get too many more injuries. So I want you guys to agree to lay off them freshmen until after the last game."

Well, we didn't make it to the Little Rose Bowl, and a week after our last game, Bomar got up during dinner, banged on an ice-ice pitcher to get our attention and said, "Well, boys, the night you've been waiting for is finally here. Right after you get through with your supper, go on back to the Fort and wait in your rooms. Don't rush, because we're going to give you time to digest your dinner. And you might try and catch a little nap. Might not get too much sleep tonight. But be sure and stay in your rooms until we get you out. If you come out before you're told to, you'll just be calling attention to yourself and that wouldn't be real smart."

Well, they left us waiting in the Fort for hours. Building up the suspense, I guess. Then, at about one in the morning, the freshmen were divided into small groups and loaded into cars. Dick Castleberry, a freshman running back, and I were with four seniors, one of whom was Bomar. We took off down the highway. For a while we stuck to the main road, but pretty soon we started turning off on tiny side roads. Neither Castleberry nor I had the slightest idea what was coming, and the seniors weren't saying. Castleberry and I just kept giving each other apprehensive looks. After about an hour we pulled up on the side of a deserted road.

"Little late for a picnic, ain't it?" I asked.

Bomar said, "Well, I guess you two better get your clothes off."

"Say what?" Castleberry said.

Bomar told us again.

"You'll have to whip us first," I said.

And good old Jim, in a very friendly voice, said, "Well we can do that, too."

It was about that time I realized that Castleberry and I were in a real spot. We were both pretty fast and they were

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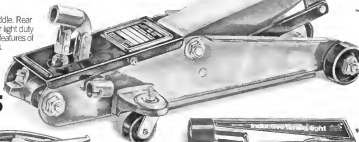


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SAVE 10% TO 40% AT ONE OF SEARS BIG



SuperGuard XST Snow Tire: Fiber glass belts, interlocking tread lugs, and traction compound make this our best non-radial snow tire. Sale ends Nov. 29.

Save 40% on second tire when you buy the first at regular price. As low as **\$22.77** for second tire plus \$1.86 FET on size A78/13 Blackwall.



WeatherWise Radial: Our newest and best all-purpose, all-season highway tire. Radial design, steel belts, deep shoulder grooves for good performance, long mileage in all kinds of weather.

**SAVE \$65
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As low as \$48.50
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Gas Booster: Helps provide better gas mileage, better engine performance.

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The medicated lip specialist

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REMINISCENCE continued

all big tackles, and we could've outrun them easy. But they'd maneuvered us so we were backed up to one side of the car and the four of them were in a semicircle around us.

But the only chance we had was to run. I figured Castleberry was thinking the exact same thing, so I yelled "Go!" and headed for a hole between Bomar and the guy on his right, Harry Cannon. I was running lead blocker for Castleberry, so I gave Cannon a shoulder, hoping to wedge him out a little, and then planted on bouncing over into Bomar. But Jim grabbed me and I went down. I felt Castleberry running up my back, but Cannon got him just as he started over the top. No gain on the play. We put up a brief scuffle, but it wasn't any use. Inside of 10 minutes we were standing there naked and the seniors were wishing us good luck in getting back to the campus.

"Coach says football builds character, and we're just trying to do our part by giving y'all a little off-season training," Bomar called out as the car pulled away.

Lord it was cold—must have been around 25°. We didn't have a real good idea where we were, and we were hardly dressed for traveling. I had to agree with Bomar; this was going to be a real character builder.

Castleberry and I started jogging. We didn't know where we were going, but anything was better than standing still. Finally after three or four miles we got lucky; we struck the main highway, and there, just to our left, was a sign that read: STEPHENVILLE, 41 MILES. That was good news, but we were still naked, freezing and 41 miles from the Fort, with several towns to get through on the way back.

"Castleberry," I said, "we're in big trouble."

"Yeah," was all he said. He was shivering too hard to carry on a full conversation.

We started jogging toward Stephenville. I didn't miss my shoes much—my feet were pretty tough since I only wore shoes when absolutely necessary, anyway—but I sure missed all the other stuff I usually wore in winter. Fortunately, it was about 4 a.m. and there were no cars on the road. But, unfortunately, dawn was about three hours away, and unless we were going to set a world record for the 41-mile run we would be out on the road just plain naked when the sun

came up. Our only consolation was in knowing there were 23 other naked freshmen running around the countryside. We hoped the law would take into consideration and not be too harsh on us individually.

Well, we'd jogged for about an hour when we saw a farmhouse sitting pretty close to the highway. We jumped into the ditch alongside the road and reconnoitered the place just like we'd been taught to do in ROTC. "Castleberry, look there," I said. "Help is at hand." Out behind the house we could see clothes hanging on a line. Obviously this farm wife was either lazy or forgetful, and she'd left the family's duds out overnight. "We are saved," I said.

We sneaked up on that clothesline, moving so carefully you'd have thought our lives were at stake. The moon was up, and it was pretty light, but we were doing an outstanding job of infiltration when, with us only 20 yards from the clothesline, about eight dogs suddenly came boiling out from under the house barking their fool heads off. Castleberry and I both threw it into high gear, dashing under the line, the dogs at our heels, and grabbing at whatever we could reach. We swept on around the house and headed for the highway. Lights were already coming on in the house, but we fooled those dogs. Both of us could break 10-flat and those dogs had never chased anyone faster than a meter reader. We left them standing at the edge of their yard barking. After that we kicked it on up the highway and went a half mile in what must have been close to collegiate record time. Finally we tumbled off the highway and got down in the ditch to see what kind of clothes we'd come away with. Castleberry had got himself a pair of bib overalls. They might have been a little big, but at least they were passable.

Once I saw what I had, I tried to trade Castleberry out of those overalls. I offered him my radio, my girl friend, my undying gratitude, even a hundred dollars, which he knew I didn't have. But he wouldn't budge. "I'd rather be dead," he said, "than wear that back to Stephenville." I had come away with a lady's slip.

Well, it was nearly dawn, and a little traffic was beginning to show up on the highway. While I waited in the ditch, clad in my slip, Castleberry stood by the side of the road and tried to thumb us a ride. Finally, a farmer in a pickup truck

continued



Country Traditionals.



PURE WOOL





"I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DRINKING THESE DAYS!"

Sure, in school I drank beer. Because everyone else drank beer. Crushing the cans was real important, too. And then there was what I call my "wine phase." You know, wine with everything. And everyone.

The funny thing is, there are still people out there who order what everyone else orders. That's fine with me... but I'll have an L.W. Harper. Because the only "smart" thing to order is what you like.

So, like I said, I have no idea what everyone's drinking these days. Except me and a few friends.



L.W. HARPER
WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE.

REMINISCENCE *continued*

stopped. I was grateful that he didn't take off when I came bounding out of the ditch. Instead he let us into the cab and, with me sitting in the middle, we started for Stephenville. He was an old man, a tobacco chewer, and the back of his truck was loaded with chickens he was taking to market. For a long time he didn't say anything. Every once in a while he'd roll down the window and spit. When he did, he'd cut his eyes around at me. I was drawn up in as tight a ball as I could get into, but I still felt worse than if I'd been naked. Finally he said, "What's that you got on there, boy?"

"It's a long T shirt," I said.

He spit out the window. "No, it ain't. It's a chemise. My woman's got a bunch just like it."

After that he said, "You be some of them college boys, ain't you?"

I said we were, and he said, "I told the old woman you were all crazy." He stopped there, not bothering to add, "And this proves it." But, then, he didn't have to.

Well that old farmer turned out to be a lifesaver. He took us right to the steps of the Fort. The last thing he said was, "Sonny, I wouldn't be running around in them kind of clothes as a regular thing."

I thought we were home free and that I wouldn't be seen. But when we raced into the dorm, we found everyone up just about to go to breakfast.

I regretted our unfortunate timing for a long while. But looking back on it, I guess I didn't have it too rough. I finally got used to being called Slip. I even got used to being called Underwear and being shown ads in ladies' magazines and asked my preference. I didn't even mind when I got asked to dance a few times by some of the other jocks. I guess the worst cut was when one of the sororities invited me to appear in their fashion show.

I transferred to Del Mar Junior College in Corpus Christi, Texas at the end of the semester. I knew there were people who'd say I was trying to run away from my reputation as a lingerie model, but that had nothing to do with it. Del Mar was trying to build a football program, and they were treating players more kindly than Tarleton was. The fact that there was a lot of enthusiastic talk about having another Freshman Night at the Fort didn't influence my decision one bit.

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The U.S. Government must devise tax incentives and other ways to encourage people to save a larger share of their income for the creation of more capital for reindustrialization and housing.

If the U.S. fails to act soon, we simply won't be able to maintain our current standard of living. And the Government will have failed its people.

If you agree that homeownership should once again be a top priority in this country, write to us at the address listed below.

We guarantee that your views will be communicated.



**If we all speak up,
Washington has to listen.**

First Person

by JOHN HILDEBRAND

AFTER A SUMMER OF BEING ALL WET, AN ANGLER DRIFTS QUIETLY INTO WINTER

That summer the storms rolled in every few days, so that no sooner would the rivers I fished begin to clear than another thunderstorm would blow in, usually after dark. The next morning would break leaf-wet and steamy, the fishing ruined. On the hot days between storms we'd drive to a sandy stretch on the upper Eau Claire, where my daughter would chase minnows in shallows murky from rain and I'd anguish over not having caught a fish that summer.

My friends attempted to distract me by discussing plans for autumn bird hunts, but I was reluctant to put away my tackle. The seasons here are like separate countries, and when crossing the borders between them, one is obliged to abandon favorite customs and, in a sense, change languages. When I suggested a last fishing trip, my erstwhile companions spoke gravely of storm windows that wanted putting up and firewood that needed to be cut. But I wasn't ready to cross the frontier with them. So, on the fifth day of a rare rainless stretch, I decided to go fishing on my own. My wife drove the pickup through verdant Wis-

consin countryside to the bridge over the Chippewa on County Road H. She waited in the cab, with our daughter asleep beside her, while I untied the canoe and carried it down to the riverbank. The Chippewa had fallen a foot from the highwater, according to the mark on the bridge column, and had cleared to a shade resembling iced tea. A broad river at this point, the Chippewa is the sum of all the alder-thicket creeks and first streams I might have fished that summer. Floating on it, I could sample a little of each tributary.

I loaded tackle and cooler into the canoe and walked it into the river. The 17-foot Shell Lake canoe is old and deserving of special handling, and I didn't mind getting my feet wet. Then I was drifting. Soon the river began to bend until the bridge, the truck and my family were out of sight.

The day was heating up. I paddled to the far bank, where the current was the strongest, and then eased up, letting the river do the work. The takeout at Mendota lay seven miles downstream and the whole day stretched before me. When a dragonfly alit on the still-wet blade of my paddle, I felt snagged out for good fortune.

Rigging up a bucktail spinner, I worked the shoreline carefully, casting for smallmouths beneath overhanging maple and river birch. Often as not, the lure would get hung up in the branches, and I would have to backpaddle to free it. Then I'd have to take the bird's nest of monofilament into the canoe and un-

tangle it. By the time I was finished and able to cast again, the terrain through which the river flowed would have changed, wooded banks having given way to meadows.

While drift-fishing the Chippewa, which is home for 60 species of fish, one ranges over all sorts of piscine habitat: deep holes for walleye, a shore of up-ended trees to hide bays, and quiet backwaters where one can raise anything from pike to monstrous sturgeon. There are no bad stretches on the river, only different possibilities.

In an eddy behind a windfall, my rod bowed suddenly. Thinking I had hit a snag, I thumbed the release, which only served to send the line screaming off the reel. I had a fish, he was heavy and deep. When the run stopped, I began coaxing my line back, worrying all the while that the fish would snag a sunken limb. The line came in, and, looking over the side of the canoe, I could see the fish rising through the deep brown water.

Then the fish dived. It disappeared from view. My line drew taut against the gunwale as the fish swam beneath the canoe, putting great strain on the line. Finally it broke.

Adrift in midriver, I slowly reeled in the slack. The fish had felt enormous, and I felt at once drained and exhilarated by my encounter with it. I opened a beer from the cooler. The trip had just started and already I had lost the biggest fish I might have hoped for in an entire summer's fishing.

The beer had no taste; it was merely cold. I would have to stop dwelling on what had been lost, or I'd ruin a perfectly good day. After all, I had caught the fish, had failed only to separate it from the water. When the first beer was gone, I opened another and let the current carry me on.

Three miles down, the Chippewa forked, the main channel surging to the right of an island while I paddled left into Mendota Slough. The densely overgrown banks closed in, sunlight filtering down through the branches. How one's passage of the slough goes depends on the vagaries of weather. In this dry spell, the water was low and the trip would be leisurely, broken only by the occasional need to walk the canoe over a sandbar. But a cloudburst could make the going fast and casting difficult, like trying to fish from a moving car.



CONTINUED



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I had another strike but failed to land it. This trip was growing less promising, resembling an earlier journey taken in the spring, when the Chippewa was still high from meltwater. The bowman on that run, a part-time farmer, came with two spinning rods and a bow and arrow to use on scavenger fish, which he smokes. Like an aquatic Grim Reaper, he harvested the river while I emerged at the end of the day empty-handed. A meat fisherman, this fellow approaches angling as just another form of husbandry, like keeping goats and honeybees. I had pictured him returning that evening to his farmhouse, thumping the heavy catch in the sink and saying to his wife, "Food, Verna."

I was hungry. I beached the canoe on a damp stretch of the island that had been trampled under deer hooves and ate my lunch on a sun-bleached log. My sandwiches had taken on the flavor of the Styrofoam cooler, and I dined quickly, washing the food down with more beer. Two wood ducks wheeled overhead, and I followed their trajectory with a hand shading my eyes, thinking it was a shame there was only one summer to a year, so few summers to a lifetime. The solution to that shortage, my wife said, was to move to the Sanbelt, a remedy I dismissed out of hand. Without the seasons there could be no longing, no sense of imperativeness.

Back on the river, storm clouds gathering downriver in the west, I gave myself over to paddling. The air felt still and heavy, the way it does before rain. I could paddle for shore and shelter or fish and risk a soaking.

Ahead, a great blue heron stalked the shallows of the slough. I stopped paddling, but spooked by the canoe, the bird lifted from the water, its broad expanse of slate-blue wings pulling its great weight skyward. The heron circled twice above the river and then dropped out of sight behind the treetops.

The heron had been fishing the fertile mouth of a feeder creek, emerging from its own secret wanderings in the dense brush. I cast over the drop-off where clear creek water mixed with that of the amber river. A long shadow drifted behind the lure before dissolving into the depths. My mouth went dry. Time for only one more cast before the canoe would drift away. I flung the enameled spoon almost

to the bank and retrieved it jerkily, watching for the shadow's return. The lure passed over the drop-off again, and out of the corner of my eye I saw the dark swirl of pike angle across the mouth of the creek. It struck.

I set the hook, and the fish ran sideways to the canoe, trying to shake the spoon loose. That tactic failing, the pike shot directly at the boat, and I had to stand up and try to keep my balance and the line taut so the fish couldn't snap it under the canoe. Finally the pike came on its side to the surface. Bending down, I slipped three fingers inside a gill and hoisted my catch aboard.

Now the real fight began. The fish, a northern pike, thrashed against the canoe ribs until I whacked its duckbilled head with the paddle. Its long, serpentine body went limp, but its eyes still glowered. The northern was as long as my arm, green with golden spots and a white belly. When I laid it in the cooler, its head and tail hung over the sides.

Mendean Slough ended as the island tapered off, it and the river rejoining in a broad, swirling confluence. Two more miles of paddling remained, and I kept waiting for the raindrops to begin, but the storm never came. I could see filaments of lightning over the hills to the south and hear the far-off rumbling. But I had a fish. Let it rain.

The sun was still visible through the trees as I came to the takeout above Meridian. Below the cutbank, where a dirt road ran to the highway, an old man in Oshkosh overalls was still fishing. Slipping into the water to pull the canoe ashore, I felt aged myself. And sunburned and happy. My wife hadn't yet arrived with the pickup, so I took the pike out of the cooler to clean it. The still-fisherman nodded at a pail of piddling walleyes when I asked about his luck. Then I showed him the northern, posing with my arms outstretched. Undaunted, he called it a fair-sized snake, explaining that walleye was the only fish he kept for the table. Too many bones, he said of the pike.

Crouching over the water, I slit the pike's white belly open and washed it clean. I didn't care about the little Y-shaped bones. I would skin and fillet the northern when I got home, then put it in the freezer to eat on some snowbound day when the flesh would still be sweet, tasting of summer and the river. END

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It was a memorable year. George Brett almost hit .400, the National League had two gut-clenching pennant races, San Francisco's Willie McCovey retired, and the players and owners narrowly averted a strike. At times the mood got ugly on the field as pitchers threw at hitters and the hitters took their anger to the mound. But an early season attendance slump, amid the threat of a player walkout, cost baseball another record ticket-selling season. Even so, Los Angeles set a single-season mark by drawing 3,249,287 fans to Dodger Stadium, the Yankees set a record for road attendance (2,461,240), and for the first time every National League team passed the one-million figure at home. Led by the A's Ricky Henderson, three runners stole more than 90 bases, a feat accomplished by only three other players since 1900. The major league total of 3,290 was the highest since 1911.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

KC's Brett batted 38 points higher than anyone in baseball and drove in 118 runs in 117 games. Not since Walt Dropo's 144 in 136 games for the 1950 Red Sox has a player had more RBIs than games played. In addition to leading the league in runs and hits, Willie Wilson became the first player to break the 700-at-bat barrier, and he batted .326. Dan Quisenberry (12-7, 3.09) was the stalwart of the Royals' bullpen.

Charlie Finley sold the A's, and Billy Martin managed them to a surprising 83-79 season with a daring brand of "Bifly Ball." Highlighting the A's leap from last to second was Henderson's base running: the bookie Ty Cobb's league mark of 96 steals, .303 average and 117 walks, and Mike Norris' 22 wins. Although Mickey Rivers (210 hits), Al Oliver (209) and Buddy Bell all batted better than .300, Texas had a 31-46 record in one- and two-run games. The Twins dropped out of contention so quickly that Manager Gene Mauch resigned, forfeiting his \$100,000 salary for 1981. Then Minnesota ran off a 12-game winning streak in the final weeks of the season, the longest in the majors this year. Ken Landreaux of the Twins had a 31-game hitting streak but was wearing his socks too high. Flamboyant White Sox President Bill Veck left baseball, but not before reactivating 57-year-old coach Minnie Mi-

nosso to make him the second player to perform in five different decades. Minosso was hitless in his two plate appearances. Seattle Pitcher Rick Honeycutt was given a 10-game suspension for taping a thumbback on the forefinger of his glove hand to deface the ball. The rest of the team couldn't cut it either, even though the front office fired Darrell Johnson and hired peppery Maury Wills as manager. The Mariners finished with the majors' worst record (59-103). Those who picked California to repeat in the West no doubt expected Don Baylor, Bobby Grich, Brian Downing and Dan Ford to have outstanding years again. But because of injuries, they had almost no years at all, and the 1979 Western Division champs didn't even reach .500.

The Yankees won the East after leading from May 14. New Catcher Rick Cerone batted .277 and threw out 47% of the opposition's base stealers. Other stars were Reggie Jackson (.300, 111 RBIs) and Reliever Goose Gosage (28 consecutive perfect innings over one span).

Baltimore fell short despite Ken Singleton's 19 game-winning hits, Steve Stone's 25 victories and Eddie Murray's .300 average, 32 homers and 116 RBIs. Boston's bat-or-bust attack went for naught when Jim Rice slumped and Fred Lynn was injured. At season's end Don Zimmer, a proponent of Boston's one-dimensional approach, was fired as manager. Overshadowed by the headline-grabbing performances of Milwaukee's Cecil Cooper (.352) and Ben Oglivie (.304, 118 RBIs) was the extraordinary play of Brewer Shortstop Robin Yount, who got his 1,000th hit at an earlier age (25) than anyone but Ty Cobb and Al Kaline. The Tigers didn't live up to the pre-

season hype of Manager Sparky Anderson, who at the end called this "my most disappointing season ever." The Indians prospered with newcomers Joe Charboneau (23 homers), Jorge Orta (.291) and Miguel Dilone (.341, 61 steals). Toronto started fast and, with a 67-95 record, finally finished a season with fewer than 100 losses.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

As the players raged against the fans and press and compared rookie Manager Dallas Green to a Gestapo chief, Philadelphia won its fourth Eastern Division title in the last five years. The world-champion Pirates suffered on several fronts—Bill Madlock's 15-day suspension for poking an umpire with his glove, injuries to Dave Parker and Willie Stargell and an off season by Reliever Kent Tekulve—and finished third. Newcomer Ron LeFlore's base stealing and 95 runs helped the Expos give Philadelphia a run for its money. The Cubs dropped to last place in the East as Dave Kingman missed most of the season with a shoulder injury. Five .300 hitters and four different managers couldn't stave off dreadful Cardinal pitching. The Mets turned quite a trick in dropping from .500 and four games out in July to 28 games under and 24 back in season's end. Still, they finished out of the cellar for the first time since 1976.

Houston could have lost hope when Pitcher J.R. Richard (10-4) suffered a stroke on July 30. Instead, Vern Riffe came from oblivion to win 12 games, Joe Niekro added 20 victories and the bullpen saved 41 games. The Dodgers got stalwart performances from Jerry Reuss (18-6) and Dusty Baker (.294, 29 homers, 97 RBIs). One of the Reds' few

boosts was Johnny Bench's career home-run record (356) for catchers. Atlanta's season began with a 1-9 record and laggard attendance; it ended with an 81-80 record and an attendance of more than one million for the first time since 1971. In San Francisco, Giant Third Baseman Darrell Evans made three errors in one inning and Manager Dave Bristol blackened the eye of Pitcher John Montefusco. San Diego broadcaster-turned-manager Jerry Coleman signaled for a relief pitcher and then attempted to reverse himself. No wonder that at season's end he was sent back to the broadcasting booth.

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING		
Average	Brett, K.C. .390	Buckner, Chi. .324
Runs	Wilson, K.C. 133	Hernandez, St.L. 111
RBIs	Cooper, Mil. 122	Schmidt, Phil. 121
Hits	Wilson, K.C. 230	Garvey, L.A. 200
Homers	Jackson, N.Y. 41	Schmidt, Phil. 48
	Oglivie, Mil. 41	
Steals	Henderson, Oak. 100	LeFlore, Mont. 97
PITCHING		
Wins	Stone, Balt. 25	Carlton, Phil. 24
ERA	May, N.Y. 2.46	Sutton, L.A. 2.21
Strikeouts	Barker, Clev. 187	Carlton, Phil. 286
Saves	Quisenberry, K.C. 33	Suter, Chi. 28
	Gosage, N.Y. 33	

END



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEW WRINKLES

Sir,

Thanks for another intriguing cover of Muhammad Ali (Sept. 29). He is The Greatest, except for those crumpled boxing shorts! Tell Muhammad that it just won't do.

*When next you appear on a cover,
Your pose and expression just right,
Make certain your shorts pass muster.
With no ugly wrinkles in sight.*

MAUREEN LLOYD
Mill Valley, Calif

Sir,

*With a face as beautiful as Ali's,
And a punch that stings like a bee,
How could you print a cover photo
With the man's trunk so messie?**

BON WILLIAMS
State College, Pa.

PEPPER'S PERKS

Sir:

Former Georgia Tech Football Coach Pepper Rodgers' list of perks (SCORECARD, Sept. 29) has opened my eyes to the shabby manner in which Carnegie-Mellon treats me. As a volunteer assistant track coach at CMU last year, my perks amounted to:

Travel expenses	—\$112
Parking	—\$ 27
Production of truck brochure	—\$ 58
CMU season football tickets	—\$ 15
CMU season basketball tickets	—\$ 20
Pocket money for road meets	—\$ 45
Celebratory champagne	—\$ 15
Total	—\$292

My minus total obviously does not compare with Rodgers' plus \$146,024, but there were other perks, like a second straight undefeated season and a second straight conference championship. And I didn't get fired.

THOMAS STEPHEN TERPAC
Pittsburgh

SNAILS AND PUPPY-DOG TALES

Sir,

I just read your escargot item (SCORECARD, Sept. 22). When I first heard that joke, it was only one paragraph long. Here is another one you can expand: two duck hunters are sitting in a blind, and they are having terrible luck. Finally, one says to the other, "I think I know what we're doing wrong—we aren't throwing the dog high enough."

M.L. CARLSON
Los Angeles
continued

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 12, 1970, SECTION 3685, TITLE 36, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except semi-weekly during the second full week in March, and except two issues combined in one at year-end, 3423 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles County, Los Angeles, California 90010 for October 1, 1980. Number of issues published annually: 52. Annual subscription price: \$36. The General Business Office of the Publisher are located at the Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

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The average number of copies each issue during the preceding 12 months are:

A) Total no. of copies printed:	
Net Press Run	2,515,500
B) Paid circulation:	
1) Sales Through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales.	94,500
2) Mail subscriptions*	2,113,000
C) Total paid circulation	2,307,500
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	
	105,900
E) Total distribution	2,413,400
F) Copies not distributed:	
1) Office use, left-overs, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	5,200
2) Returns from news agents	98,900
G) Total	2,515,500

The actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date are:

A) Total no. of copies printed:	
Net Press Run	2,487,100
B) Paid circulation:	
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	78,000
2) Mail subscriptions	2,180,900
C) Total paid circulation	2,258,900
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	
	137,700
E) Total distribution	2,396,600
F) Copies not distributed:	
1) Office use, left-overs, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	300
2) Returns from news agents	89,900
G) Total	2,487,100

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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19TH HOLE continued

CATERERS AND CARPETMEN

Sir,

In regard to your story on slo-pitch softball and Jerry's Caterers of Miami (*Teams That Go Bump in the Night*, Sept. 1), I'd like to point out that Jerry's was not just "upset" by Campbell's Carpets of Concord, Calif., at the National Slo-Pitch Conference tournament in Birmingham, Ala., it was beaten. The Carpetmen entered the NSPC tournament with a 102-11 record, compared to Jerry's 84-13, and they were ranked first in the country by National Slo-Pitch magazine, an Indiana publication that serves as the sport's official rating service.

Campbell's has now defeated Jerry's six of nine times this season, including their last three meetings. The Carpetmen have also won the slo-pitch triple crown, beating Jerry's 27-16 at the conference tournament, 26-16 at the American Softball Association tournament in Montgomery, Ala. and 20-14 at the United States Slo-Pitch Softball Association World Series here in Concord, Calif. Campbell's has 10 Luzinski-sized sluggers who can crank it out of any park. In fact, the Carpetmen have more than 10 Luzinski-sized sluggers, but they all can't play at once.

MIKE LEFKOW
Sports Editor
Concord Transcript
Concord, Calif.

Sir,

Not all major slo-pitch softball teams concentrate on power alone. Campbell's Carpets, the most successful team in the country this season, works on defense as much as it does on offense, which helped it to become the first team ever to win all three national titles in the same year.

SAL DiMAGGIO
Martinez, Calif.

YOU KNOW, ETC.

Sir,

For many years I have been driving my wife crazy during the sports segment of the nightly news by counting the number of "you knows" that are uttered by athletes during interviews. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that there was anyone with a like mind. The item in SCORECARD (Sept. 15) on Sportscaster Keith Olbermann was super.

According to my count, Dwight White of the Steelers once came up with 15 "you knows" during an interview on a local sports report, but I don't know how much time was involved. His record was broken last year by Vernon Perry of the Houston Oilers, who made it 18. It's amazing to me that professional athletes who have had some form of higher education can't learn how to talk to the public.

GREGG W. MONTGOMERY
Pittsburgh

Sir,

It is a cheap shot to ridicule Mark Aguirre, Mike Easler or any great athlete for his or

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19TH HOLE (continued)

her lack of articulateness. The people we admire for their athletic ability do not necessarily develop the skills needed to reply to such momentous inquiries as "you guys in a slump?"

Sportscauser Keith Olbermann has, I presume, spent considerable time and energy learning his profession. Too bad the athletes don't have the opportunity to see Olbermann's stuff on the playing field and then have some way to let everyone know how well—or, you know, poorly—he did.

EINAR BOHLEN
Lansing, Mich.

Sir

The answer to anyone who repeatedly says "you know" is, no, I don't know, and I won't know till you quit saying you know and tell me what it is I don't know that you do know so I will know. You know?

KATHY HERNANDEZ
Duncan, Ariz.

Sir

Count the times Joe Garagiola and Tony Kubek say "I'll tell ya," or "Let me tell ya," or "Tell ya one thing," etc., during one Saturday afternoon baseball telecast. I once arrived at a total of 50 by the sixth inning and got too sick to go on. I'm glad football season is here for that reason alone—I'll tell ya!

ROMAN CILANG
Bloomington, Ind.

SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sir

Men like Jack Nicklaus, Tom Watson and George Brett are great, but my vote for Sportsman of the Year goes to a man who never receives the credit he deserves outside of New York. Giorgio Chinaglia of the Cosmos. Once again, the NASL has failed to make Mr. September its MVP despite the fact that he was tops in the league in scoring with 77 points and led the Cosmos to the season's best point total.

MARK RHINEN
Malverne, N.Y.

Sir

I concede that baseball, football, golf, tennis and basketball, etc., are more popular with the average SI reader than motorcycle racing. However, this summer Kenny Roberts won his third consecutive world championship in the elite division of all motorcycle racing, the 500-cc. class. It would be truly unjust not to select King Kenny as Sportsman of the Year.

DANIEL R. HENRY
Olivewood, Calif.

Sir

I nominate Roberto Duran, the "Panamanian god."

MIKE CARROLL
Hemion, Ohio

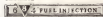
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Cadillac announces V8-6-4 Fuel Injection.

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Does any other carmaker offer anything like this?

To our knowledge no other carmaker offers it—foreign or domestic.

It sounds complicated—is it?

No. It's surprisingly simple. The on-board digital computer of the Digital Fuel Injection system senses the power requirements of the engine and closes off two, four or no cylinder valves, depending on those power needs. Then, as your power needs change, it opens fuel valves

Can you feel the car going from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders and back again?

Some people can. Some can't. The perceived sensation is slight. Because, in a sense there is no shifting. Fuel valves simply close or open as instructed by the computer.

The idea of 4 cylinders in a Cadillac bothers me—should it?



No, it shouldn't. The system only goes to 4 cylinders when your power needs are relatively low. To pass

down on the accelerator and the system instantly goes into 8 cylinders for added power. Then, as your power needs decrease again, the system will return to 4 cylinders.

How reliable is it?

This system has been proven in over a half-million miles of testing. It's that reliable. All electronic components are solid-state, including the digital computer itself.

Is this the same as overdrive?

No. Overdrive is a function of gears. V8-6-4 is a function of the number of

cylinders receiving fuel. By way of interest, overdrive is a feature associated with the V6 engine available on 1981 Fleetwood Broughams and DeVilles.

Cadillac are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.

Can I tell how many cylinders are active at any given time?

Yes. Push a button and Cadillac's MPG Sentinel on the instrument panel shows a digital display of the number of cylinders active at that moment. The MPG Sentinel will also show instantaneous mpg and average mpg.

Is it true that this combination could help a person to become a more efficient driver?

Absolutely. Knowing your active cylinders and instantaneous mpg can help you adjust your driving habits accordingly. And thereby help you become a more efficient driver. You can further demonstrate it to yourself by resetting the MPG Sentinel before a trip. Then push a button at trip's end and the MPG Sentinel will tell you how well you did by displaying your average miles per gallon to the nearest tenth.


All this is standard in 1981?

All this and more. Buy or lease, see your Cadillac dealer for a test drive.



 *Cadillac*

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